

# The ROTARIAN

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AN INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE IDEAL OF SERVICE AND ITS APPLICATION TO PERSONAL, BUSINESS, COMMUNITY, AND INTERNATIONAL LIFE.

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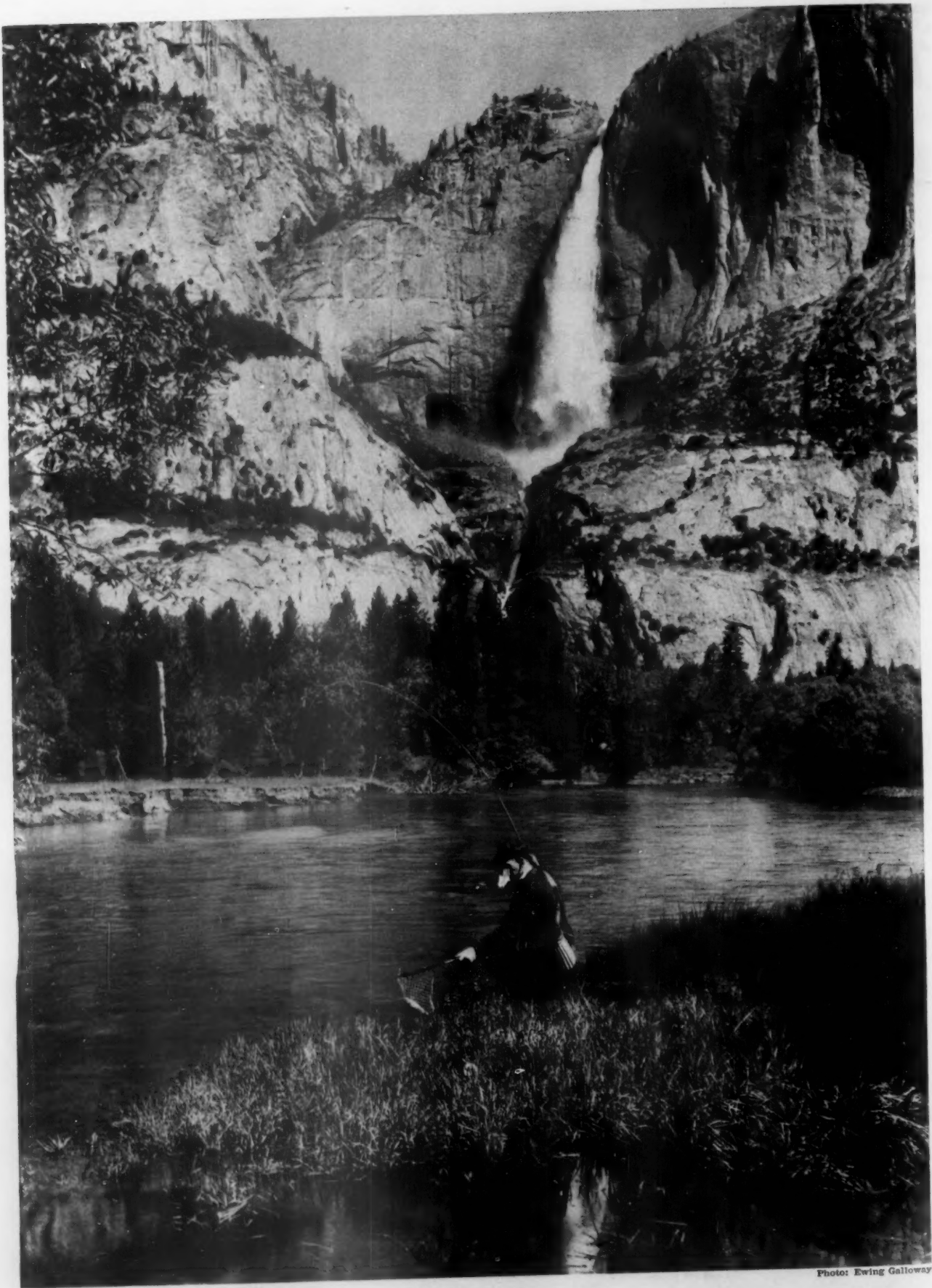


Photo: Ewing Galloway

**'Net Results'** . . . . . *Yosemite National Park, California*

# A Hungarian View of Rotary

By Dr. Joseph Imre

*Member, Board of Directors, Rotary International*

**I**N ROTARY'S early days in Hungary, when its name was strange to the ears of Hungarians, this query often arose: Why introduce Rotary in *this* country? Some men were suspicious. Others, who were acquainted with the movement, but did not know its depths of meaning, were inclined to question its aims.

Sometimes when helping to form new Clubs or to develop Clubs already existing, the doubt arose in my own mind. Such questions as these demanded answer:

Is there any justification for a movement which claims so much time of business and professional men who are already overburdened with public affairs and charitable contributions? Has this foreign idea any place in my country? Does Rotary give anything in return, if not to the individual, to the public, which justifies the time and money it claims? Again and again I asked myself, have I a right to deprive my profession, eye surgery, and my family of the hours and weeks I spend in the service of Rotary? Am I wasting my time in Rotary?

One thing was certain in my mind. I knew, after accepting membership in the Budapest Rotary Club, that I had assumed an obligation to represent my classification as well as I could, to practice Rotary principles in my private, professional, and public lives, to give my coöperation freely except where others, of greater ability, could do the work better.

But though I once had occasional doubts as to the value of Rotary, I have concluded that it is the only forum which provides the opportunity to discuss and deliberate questions of public interest, where the reaction of every branch of public and private life can be obtained on any worthy question.

Nearly all other organizations have considerable party coloring or a serious bias—political, religious, or social—which makes it difficult to discuss matters objectively. Rotary has been able to establish an entirely new institution without jeopardizing already existing organizations by the simple method of working through its members rather than through the organization as a whole.

There is no question that Rotary is a success all over the world. Its achievement is due only partly to its unique classification system. It is due more, I think, to the rule which prohibits any interference with the individual opinions of its members, which permits wide freedom in the expression of individual ideas, and which demands that each individual Club function in the spirit of its own country according to its traditions. No better way of getting goodwill among nations exists than organizing into one group of fellowship men who are good citizens of their own countries.

If nothing more than that could be said for Rotary,

The demands of the movement are heavy. Do they find warrant in the returns? From many a member now comes an enthusiastic 'Yes.'

the movement would still count as a success. Making Rotary function according to the tradition, philosophy, and temperament of a nation is a responsibility that rests upon the individual member.

Much that a man learns in a Rotary meeting is directly applicable to his business or profession. More than once has an executive caught a new picture of himself in his business while chatting with other men perhaps of entirely different callings. Rotary has taught employers to speak, not to withhold, the word of praise so much needed by the employee, to encourage ambition.

When criticism is due, the Rotarian employer gives it, of course. But to those whose first thought is of the service they give and whose second thought is of their remuneration, the good member makes plain his appreciation.

Praise and encouragement make of a mechanical and machinelike employee a living, enthusiastic, self-reliant man. Such an employee will want to, and actually will, produce more and produce better.

Many Hungarian Rotarians feel that our smaller towns haven't the men, the spirit, or the coöperation to make a Rotary Club successful. But those communities which are torn by discord—and unfortunately we, too, have many of them—need Rotary more than any others. They need a meeting place where men of different callings can get together for the common good and can smooth their differences in a friendly atmosphere.

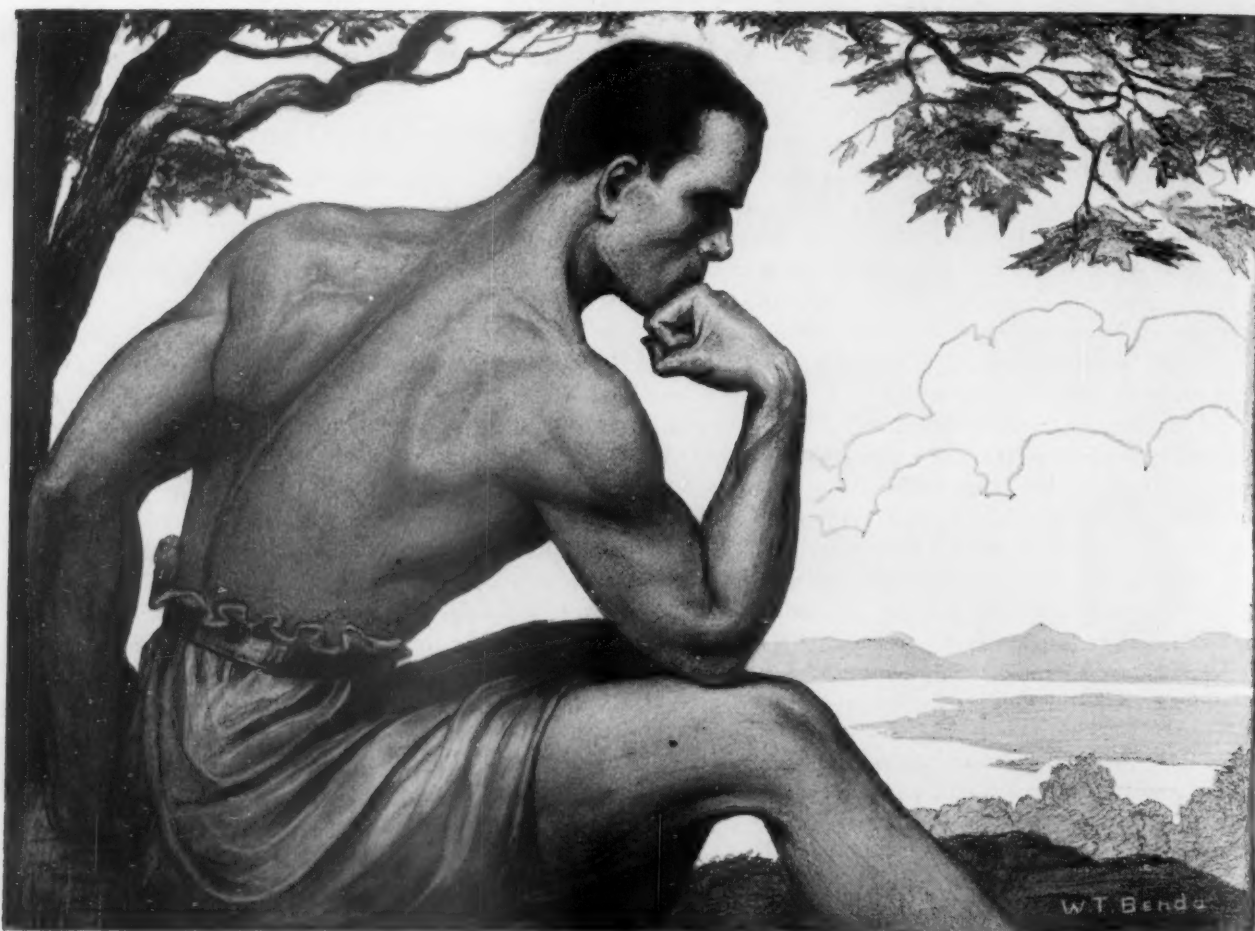
**I** FEEL that Rotary has virgin territory among the middle classes of Hungarian society. One of the greatest minds of our country said, "It is within the reach of everybody to enhance his country's power, even though a little." Rotary is an avenue toward that goal.

Our little communities in Hungary, owing to the 400 years' Hapsburg policy and to the unsought-for wars, have evolved very slowly and are suffering from social undevelopment. Because of that fact Rotary takes root more readily in the cities, but eventually it will spread from the larger communities into the rural sections.

If you walk on the streets of these small towns and keep your eyes even partially open, you will see many conditions that need improvement. To see mistakes and remove them are the chief duties of an educated person. He ought not look for mistakes merely to criticize them. To improve conditions after mistakes have been found—that is the purpose of one with a social conscience.

These are a few of the reasons which prompt me to "waste my time" with Rotary.





## The Retreat Honorable

By Abbé Ernest Dimmet

*French Author and Philosopher*

*Illustrations by W. T. Benda*

**I**T SEEMS superfluous to ask if we moderns like solitude. For solitude is often supposed to be synonymous with loneliness, and loneliness is regarded by modern people as a curse which is to be avoided at all costs. The "woe to the lone man" of the *Bible* need not be recalled. Our civilization proclaims that one of its principal objects is to bring men together. The telephone, the radio, the ever-increasing speed of communications, have all been evolved from the same cause—viz, a desire to give people a sense of nearness, a constant possibility of intercourse with other people.

This is especially noticeable in America, where most of those inventions have been born and where, at all events, their development is most enthusiastically welcome. It is a strange anomaly that the descendants of British people, who dread nothing so much as to have company forced upon them, who prefer solitary walks and can spend long days in a train compartment with a wife or daughter without as much as opening their lips,

In a gregarious universe, those yielding to the ministrations of solitude find refreshment of the spirit, renovation of the mind.

should be the same who in the New World never have enough of each other's company and have made club life so easy and attractive that it is little short of a necessity.

Massive doses of solitude at the "front of the desert" during two or three centuries have produced a surfeit and caused the transformation. They can still occasionally cause it. Take your taciturn Englishman to some out-of-the-way section of India, Australia, or Canada, and in a few months he will be indiscernible from his social American cousin; you will see him driving or riding long distances to furnish his week-ends with a little company; he will pronounce the two magic syllables "the girls" as he never did before and they will have the familiar American ring.

American society, with its instinct for coöperation, its infallible altruism, its sense of the collective and its pas-



sion for politics, whatever may be the implications of the word, with its interest in human manifestations of all degrees as mirrored in the daily press, only shows a reaction against too much solitude in the early phases of its existence. But the reaction has been violent, for today even prayer has become collective to an extent which many clergymen deplore, so that when Frank Buchman recommends simple spiritual practices which for generations have been in daily use in the homes of Pennsylvania Quakers, his preaching actually has the attraction of novelty. No, the modern man is not fond of solitude. To tell the truth, he is society-crazy.

**B**UT is this a fundamental characteristic of modern people or merely an appearance produced by circumstances, by the progress of material civilization, or by business necessities? Is it not true that the human being is subject to phases in which he appears different from what he really is? Can we not suppose that modern man is so averse to solitude only when he has had no experience of it, or that he grows wildly gregarious only as persons naturally gentle are apt to become different from themselves when cannon thunders and the bugle blows?

Surely many of us look wistfully toward a liberation from social pressure which implies solitude. The very name, instead of frightening, often delights us by the soft sound of its swathing syllables. I was surprised, during the years immediately following the publication of *The Art of Thinking*, by the frequency of requests from editors for articles in which "you might recapture the spirit of your two chapters on exterior or interior solitude."

Yet, why be surprised? How can we account for the lasting popularity of Thoreau, for the success of Dana's, Melville's, or Conrad's books, except by the attraction of a free, fresh, happy solitary life? Some rich Americans, no doubt, snobbishly copy English country life in estates the trimness and primness of which reveal their insincerity. But drive only a few miles away from ultrasocial haunts in Connecticut, or up the Hudson into woody tracts the presence of which you have never suspected, and you will find them inhabited by shy New Yorkers whose constant fear is lest other people should become initiated into the charm of their solitary life. Camps in the Adirondacks seem too civilized to not a few people; they roam farther afield into the Canadian forests.

But solitude can be found anywhere. Charles Dickens knew how to enjoy it in the busy streets of the city. A

dear friend of mine, a New York bank president, would often walk home from Wall Street unaware of the sea of activity around him. I have known other businessmen who chose to stay on at the office a while after closing time merely to relish the sudden calmness of things as the sunset reddened the now deserted rooms. All men and women love to think of similar possibilities thus to be themselves solely by being by themselves. There are even those who, remembering the blissful peace of the clinic after an operation, are not far from praying for the flu if it is their only hope of a few days' repose. Our conclusion should be that solitude is hateful to modern people when it means loneliness or a feeling of being deserted, but attracts them if it means a welcome interruption of gregariousness with the weariness caused by its bustle and noise.

For we all know what the right kind of solitude does for us. We call its effect, in a general way, refreshment, and this word, properly analyzed, is found to be full of significance. It means, of course, that our mind in a fresher condition can intensify its thinking or make easier our resolves, but it also means something deeper: refreshment is renovation. We are all more or less conscious that gregariousness tends to rob us of our personality. Most men and women are personal only in a superficial way. Their personality hardly goes beyond their physical behavior or their temperament. Beneath accidental differences they show distressing similarities: they think the same thoughts dictated by the same slogans, and we listlessly expect all they may say. Even their emotions can be predicted: we know where they will laugh or where they will show indignation. Mankind is an ocean of small wavelets indiscernible one from the other; and as civilization spreads, the monotony increases. Any disappointed tourist looking for local color in various nations can testify to that fact.

Solitude may not at once give us a sense of possessing more personality than our neighbors, of being a wave rather than



*"A dear friend of mine . . . would often walk home from Wall Street unaware of the sea of activity around him."*

a wavelet, and of being regarded as one. At first it only increases our consciousness of what we call, in a vague word, our self. We feel spiritually richer, less inclined to borrow from the community, more independent. Simultaneously we form a more natural appreciation of real vs. artificial, or society-created, values; we are no longer dazzled by claptrap superiorities; we are nearer the Christian ideal; and we feel a disgust for vulgarity with a corresponding desire to be more frequently

on the higher plane possible to each one of us. Hence the attraction of solitude for whoever has once been introduced to its spell. We are not surprised to read in a poem by so young an American writer as Josephine Johnson that—

*"There is the need of silence, deep, undying,  
The need to be still, to turn and go  
Back to a quiet acre in the hills, and there,  
Small and alone beneath the arch of night,  
Wash in a cold lake underneath the stars."*

The cooling lake is nothing else than what I said above—viz, the contact with the deeper truths instead of the fascinating trifles which, as the *Bible* says, distort our view even if they do not warp our conscience.

Self-renovation should be enough to make periods of solitude a cherished part of our daily life. But every time we emerge from self-collectedness we find that people are aware of a change in us; they are sure there is more in us than the last time we met. The increased quantity is our personality. As long as this growth is felt—that is to say, so long as it is not undermined by the returning ebb of trifles making us once more like everybody instead of being somebody—we shall be conscious of exerting an influence. Our attention to what people will be telling us will surprise and perhaps intimidate men and women accustomed to interlocutors more anxious to talk than to think. For kindly silence has a recognized virtue, and the great Newman was as much appreciated in his Oxford days for his capacity as a listener as for his eloquence.

A few words from a man who has just been resting from words will often produce more effect than will a long speech. Who has not seen a whole conversation turned into the legitimate direction by a "What of it?" uttered in the right tone, or by such questions as, "What is the real issue between you? Where did you begin this conversation?" or, "Have you agreed about your

definitions?" asked in sincerity rather than in irony? For the time being, the man who can ask such questions is nothing short of a leader. That is why leaders of all degrees instinctively seek the refreshment of solitude. I was not much surprised lately to read in a popular magazine that a favorite American columnist, who would be in some danger of looking like a clown if he ceased to appear as a sage, insists on being left alone several hours every afternoon. The slangy brashness of his style is pure camouflage. The real man is meditative. I doubt if history provides any instances of the contrary attitude, or if apparent instances cannot be analyzed differently from what they may appear to be. A case in point is that of St. Paul, who seems to have been a prodigious talker and whose life was spent in continuous intercourse with people. Yet he was a mystic. The apostle was so full of his truth that company did not interrupt his *tête-a-tête* with it.

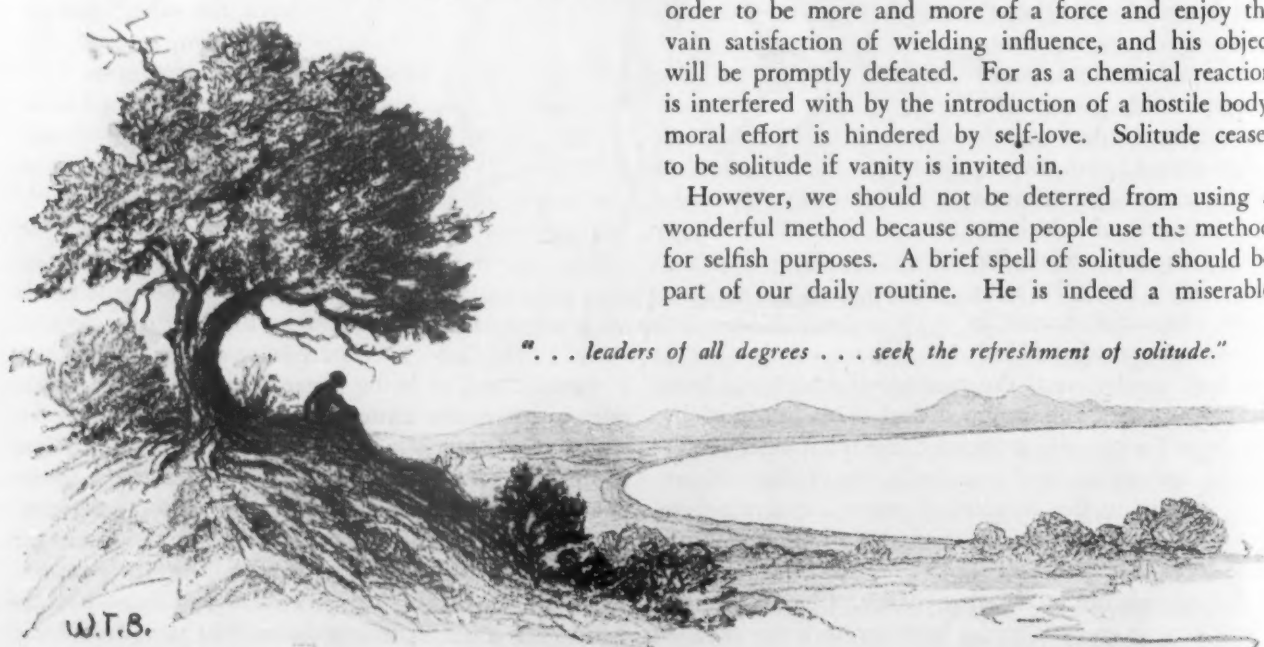
**S**HY PEOPLE may object that they do not want to exercise influence, that they are afraid of the responsibilities attached to it, and that they would rather follow than lead. In vain. Shy people are seldom silly people, and shyness dissociated from silliness cannot but be influential. Any man who has something worth hearing to say must resign himself to have a following, were it only a half-dozen people.

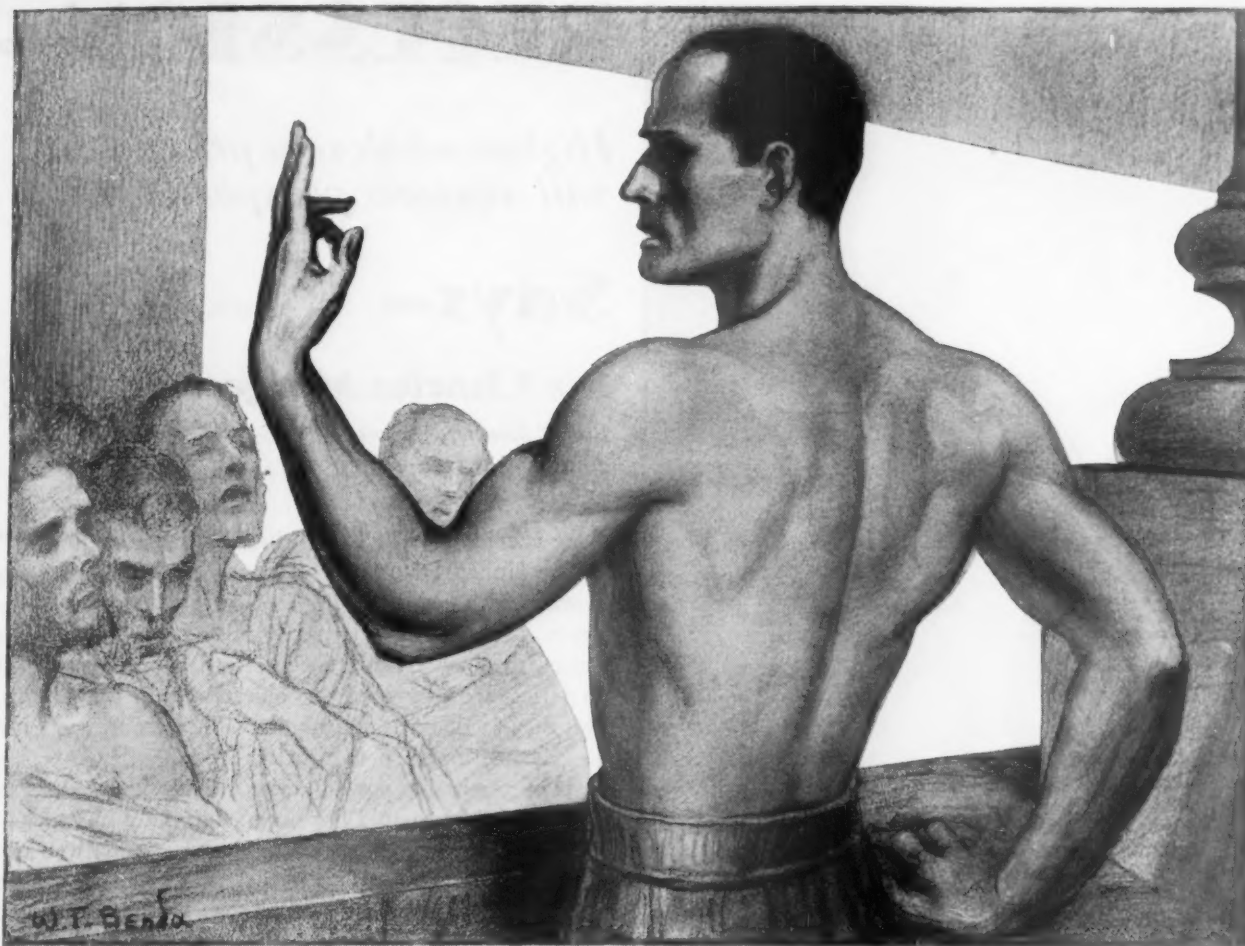
The healthy enjoyment of such influence is natural. Freudians, who wrongly call it a will to domination, regard it as the elementary urge in our nature and favor it in every way. All told, it is indiscernible from the abhorrence of wasting ourselves which is the foundation of moral life and need not be defended.

But we know that wisdom itself must be watched lest it should be too wise. The noblest impulses can be corrupted if self-seeking enters into them. Let any man who has noticed that thoughtfulness makes him a force practice thoughtfulness and retire to solitude in order to be more and more of a force and enjoy the vain satisfaction of wielding influence, and his object will be promptly defeated. For as a chemical reaction is interfered with by the introduction of a hostile body, moral effort is hindered by self-love. Solitude ceases to be solitude if vanity is invited in.

However, we should not be deterred from using a wonderful method because some people use the method for selfish purposes. A brief spell of solitude should be part of our daily routine. He is indeed a miserable

*"... leaders of all degrees ... seek the refreshment of solitude."*





*"A few words from a man who has just been resting from words will often produce more effect than a long speech."*

slave who cannot spare a quarter of an hour every day for a quiet time with himself. Thousands of men and women begin or end their day with what is called a meditation. The word has an attraction for many of us, but I have known it to frighten people who imagine they have nothing to meditate about. They do not realize that what is intended is repose, and they do not know that an excellent English book has been rightly entitled *Power from Repose*.

Deep in each one of us is a stratum of consciousness as inaccessible to excitement as a subterranean lake. There lie the reserves of mental vitality which, when necessary, go into the power we command. A deliberate absence of thought, if it is in the least prayerful, is enough to help us to reach that stratum. The mere repetition of this mental exercise will soon become effortless and it will not remain fruitless very long. That quarter of an hour will soon be reckoned among our happiest moments.

But all other chances of being face to face with our real self ought to be embraced. Commuters who, day after day, add to their weariness by wasting an hour on empty conversation, or cards, or weakening printed matter, do not know how much such extravagance is costing them. Repose through mere silence is at hand and they do not secure it.

On two occasions in the past 15 years I have succeeded in crossing the Atlantic without making anybody's acquaintance on the boat and with no more conversation than was necessary with the steward. My wish to all my readers is that they may make a similar experiment at least once in their lives. For, on the fourth or fifth day, one is delightedly surprised by a feeling of independence never experienced before. It seems as if one were a rejuvenated person unexpectedly freed from minor cares or minor ambitions and ready at last to cope with the realities of life.

Simultaneously comes the explanation of the phenomenon. We become aware that what has been crowding and suffocating our mind, keeping it from fulfilling its natural functions, has been of a minor, often of a totally unimportant, character, trifles which we can only have magnified by unconsciously adding to them other people's trifles. At once we see that the mere elimination of these mosquito cares has been enough. The restfulness from which can spring up power enough to fight serious antagonisms or worth-while sorrows has been created without a thought, without an effort, by merely keeping away from the vacuum masquerading as our life.

So, contrary to what most people imagine, wisdom can sometimes be had cheaply.





# RECESSION—AND

*Higher wholesale prices  
will restore prosperity*

**Says—**

**Sir Charles Morgan-Webb**

*British Monetary Expert*

**"D**ETERMINATION of an equilibrium for the world wholesale price level is a matter of some difficulty. Britain does not think that wholesale prices have risen sufficiently. The United States thinks they have risen too much."—Extract from *Brakes for Inflation* in THE ROTARIAN, July, 1937.

\* \* \*

The monetary policies of Britain and the United States have undergone a fundamental transformation within the past few years. They have moved from a gold standard to a commodity standard. Their keystone is no longer a fixed price of gold. It is an equilibrium position on the world wholesale price level. In the words of President Roosevelt's masterly dispatch to the World Economic Conference of 1933:

"The United States seeks the kind of a dollar which a generation hence will have the same purchasing and debt paying power as the dollar we hope to attain in the near future."

A dollar with a constant commodity purchasing power for a generation would be on a commodity standard, not on a gold standard.

On the 27th of July, 1933, three weeks after President Roosevelt's declaration, Britain announced an identical monetary policy, but supplemented it with a program for the interim (while the search for the ideal dollar was proceeding) in the words:

"The Governments of the British Commonwealth should persist by every means in their power in the policy of furthering the rise in wholesale prices until

there is evidence that equilibrium has been established."

The United States was seeking a level of purchasing power which could be stabilized for a generation. Britain was taking active steps, by raising world wholesale prices, to obtain such a level. Both nations proceeded in perfect accord toward that objective from 1933 to 1936. But they made one fatal mistake. They omitted to settle in advance, or even to discuss, the price level, or the level of purchasing power, toward which they were moving, and which should have been their joint objective.

Britain had defined that objective in general terms in her Currency Declaration of July 27, 1933. It was an objective defined by a threefold test: (1) it must restore the normal activity of industry and employment; (2) it must insure an economic return to the producer of primary commodities; (3) it must harmonize the burden of debts and fixed charges with economic capacity.

But no effort was made to translate these generalities into a fixed price level. Nor was there any discussion with the United States as to whether she accepted these three tests for the level of purchasing power toward which she was moving, and which she was hoping to stabilize for a generation. Wide divergencies existed as to the desired price level. The MacMillan Report (British) advised the price level of 1928. American monetary reformers preferred the price level of 1926. The Federation of Master Cotton Spinners, the ablest leaders of monetary reform in Britain, strongly supported the price level of 1924.

These divergences caused a dramatic rupture between British and American monetary policies in the early months of 1937. The open conflict commenced when President Roosevelt announced in April, 1937, that prices were too high. Monetary coöperation between the two nations was transformed into an intense monetary conflict, disguised as a price conflict. Britain persisted in her policy of raising the world wholesale price level by every means in her power. The United States, under the impression that this price level was being inflated, adopted deflatory measures to bring it down.

In April, 1937, Britain was convinced that the level of world wholesale prices had [Continued on page 56]

# AND THE WAY OUT

*Prices and wages in some industries must drop*

## Urges—

**Harold G. Moulton**

*President, Brookings Institution*

**T**HE INNUMERABLE statements and arguments advanced in recent years with respect to wages, prices, and living standards have served to confuse rather than to clarify the issues involved. Only a few years back we were told that the world depression of 1929-33 was caused by declining prices, forced by an inadequate gold supply. In turn it was held in 1933 that the raising of prices back to the 1926 level was indispensable to economic recovery. At the same time an even more rapid advance in wages was deemed essential to provide purchasing power and restore living standards. In 1938 we learn, on the one hand, that, in the United States at least, high prices are responsible for the new depression, and, on the other, that exceedingly high wages were responsible for the business reaction.

About the only point on which there is agreement is that whatever the cause, standards of living are altogether unsatisfactory.

If we are to find our way through the maze of conflicting opinion, two steps are necessary: (1) we must reach agreement upon the significant *relationships* in the economic processes with which we are concerned, and (2) we must then derive our conclusions with regard to recent trends from an analysis of the facts as to actual wage and price movements.

Business activity is conducted by means of what we call a *pecuniary* mechanism. Business enterprises purchase raw materials, employ labor, and borrow funds with which to produce goods, which are offered in the markets at a *price* which must cover these money costs and also provide a profit to the owners. Thus the money income disbursed by business enterprise in the form of wages, interest, dividends, etc., provides the means with which to buy the goods produced. If under this system the standard of living of the wage earners of the country is to be raised, two fundamental principles must be in operation.

First, *the process of raising the standards of living of wage earners necessarily involves increasing the ratio between wage rates and prices*. If the wage earner gets more dollars and prices remain unchanged, his purchas-



Photo: Blackstone Studios

ing power is expanded. If he gets the same number of dollars and prices decline, his purchasing power is expanded. But it can be expanded only by increasing wages in comparison to prices.

Second, *an increase of wage rates relatively to prices depends fundamentally upon increasing the efficiency of production*. Only thus will the means be available with which to pay higher real wages—provide more goods and services. Only a slight, and at best, temporary increase in wages can be gained at the expense of profits, for the simple reason that the profits of the great majority of corporations are so small that their appropriation by labor would result in a restricting of production. Accordingly, there must be a constant acceleration of technical advances, improved management, increased labor efficiency, etc. Any practices or policies that tend to work in this direction are economically sound and any that work in the opposite direction are economically unsound.

It should now be noted that the enormous improvements in living standards over the past 100 years have resulted from constantly increasing productivity, accompanied by a progressive improvement in the relations between wage rates and prices. The fact is that sometimes the increase in purchasing power has come from increasing money wages and sometimes from falling prices. Sometimes, indeed, it has occurred when both wages and prices were rising, but with prices advancing less rapidly than wage rates.

It is this productivity principle that is commonly overlooked in all public discussions [Continued on page 58]



## How to Get a Start in Life

By **Walter B. Pitkin**

*Author and Psychologist*

**J**UNE AND ROSES! June and Commencement Day! June and oratory on Whither Are We Drifting, not to mention The Brotherhood of Man.

June and headaches for you, dear Rotarians!

"A young feller outside wants a job," announces your office boy. "Says he'll do anything."

"Emmy Muggs, Mr. Muggs' oldest girl, wants to be a secretary here," acidly intones your own secretary. "She says she'll call at 11 o'clock."

Another callow army flung against the ramparts of Life! June, and a city as large as Cleveland, Ohio, turned loose to shift for itself for the first time. Out of high schools, colleges, technical schools, and private institutions this army streams, deploys through city and hamlet, tapping at every door—often a little timidly, always rather pathetically.

Not so many years ago, it was a brash army. It knew that somehow, sooner or later, all its soldiers would find jobs. But now it advances slackly and afraid. That good old world of opportunities is gone—whether to return, no man knoweth. A hard world is here.

In this new world there is no straight path from the sheepskin to the pay check. Young people today must first tackle the big job of Getting a Start. Sometimes the Start isn't a Job, as you will presently see.

How go about it?

Nobody knows—very well. All of us have a few vague ideas. All of us have the best of intentions. But

Beginning an inquiry into a vital problem which faces youth, and a request for Rotarians to assist the author in a search for facts.

we're caught in a situation the like of which we've never before known. We lack information. So the best we can do is to pass on tips that may work. We must open a clearinghouse. And where better to do that than in *THE ROTARIAN*?

What can you do to help? You have helped before—in sending us your own tips about jobs and careers.\* These we reported to you two years ago. Now for your help in the even more serious crisis of Getting a Start in Life.

Please answer the questions on page 16. These will be studied, interpreted, and included in later articles on this Business of Getting a Start.

Meanwhile, how can you give a boost to our ambitious but a little hopeless and even desperate Flock of the Newly Sheep-skinned?

Well, employers and young job holders have been sending me their tips. And here's the first solid rule to emerge:

To get a job—get to work doing something that leads in the direction of a job. **GET A RUNNING START FIRST.**

Let me illustrate.

Here's a young Southern boy in need of work. He wanted a job on a newspaper owned by a friend of mine

\* *Careers for Youth*, by W. B. Pitkin, April, 1935, to May, 1936, *ROTARIAN*.



in a medium-sized town. Here's how he got his running start. But let my friend the editor report the facts.

"Some years ago," writes my correspondent, "a young man just home from college wanted a job on this paper. I didn't have any job for him. He wanted to know if there wasn't some little thing he could do for almost nothing. Our circulation manager had expressed a desire to have a page for Negroes in our Sunday edition. This is a Southern community, and to ask a white boy to go out and gather news for Negroes is something to ask. The boy undertook the job. I think we paid him \$2 a week. He did it all Summer and went back to college for another year. At the end of that year he came back to me and told me that his family couldn't afford to send him to college again and that he wanted a permanent job. I made an opening for him, and now he is our best reporter, on a good salary."

**Y**OUNG people with marked interest in a special field can often get their best start by hunting for any kind of work within that field. Thus they learn to feel at home there. They find out its problems, its opportunities, and the kinds of openings where they will fit best. Most important of all, they make friends and acquaintances who can later help them when better openings come along.

Several years ago a young man sought my advice. Though he had never tried his hand at the work, except for fun, he was sure he wanted to be an artist of some kind. He liked to draw and paint, had some skill in modelling, but almost no training. Yet he was determined to try his hand at a job in the field. What to do?

I suggested that he offer to work as an apprentice and

general handy man in the office of a well-known architect and designer. I told him to accept whatever wages were offered—or, if necessary, to work for nothing for several months until he had proved his worth. The young man followed my instructions to the letter. He was hired as errand boy and general factotum for \$2 a week. Six months later his employer raised his pay—to \$10 weekly. Meanwhile the youth was learning how to draft, design, and master other technical details of the field. He studied on the side; learned how to do many different kinds of work in the office. Today he is making a good living in the same place, is completely absorbed in his work, and has found his career and his future.

Many organizations encourage young people in this technique of getting a start. The employment manager of a leading recreational organization writes me that he encourages many young people to do volunteer work or to work for maintenance in order to get experience. Some of them land permanent jobs as a result.

A high-school principal tells me this story of one of his unemployed graduates, reported to him by the Rotarian employer in the case. The youth made this proposal to the Rotarian: "I'll work for you for nothing; it's better for me than loafing around home."

The employer finally took him on, was so well pleased with the youth's work after two weeks that his conscience bothered him. So he paid the boy for the work. The young man rejected the money. The employer's respect increased still more, and he got busy with his Rotarian friends and landed for the youth a splendid, permanent job with pay. Today he is one of the young man's most enthusiastic and sincerest boosters.

Time and again young people now in jobs tell me that

*"He wanted to know if there wasn't some little thing he could do for almost nothing. . . . Now he is our best reporter, on a good salary."*



*Illustrations  
by H. Forsgren*

## Mr. Businessman: What Do You Think?

1. What young man of your acquaintance made the best start in life during the last seven or eight years? (I don't want his name.) How did he do it? Did he use personal influence? Or did he have some unusual technique of getting an employer to hear his story? Or what?

2. What young man made the poorest start? And what was wrong with it?

3. What method of applying for a position do you personally think is best? And why? I refer to such methods as talking with personnel managers; writing letters of application to prospective employers; getting letters of introduction from influential friends and relatives; thinking up "stunts" and highly original approaches to employers; and the like.

4. Do you think that personal contacts and "pull"

are important for all types of jobs—high and low alike? Or are they more important for some particular variety of job? I want particularly to find out whether certain types of jobs are filled, as a rule, by virtue of merit alone.

5. Have you any suggestion to offer young men who have been repeatedly turned down on the ground that they lack experience?

6. What line of education do you consider best for success in your business—high school, trade school, college? Please indicate your type of business and its location.

*Please send your answers to these questions to me in care of THE ROTARIAN, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A. We shall pool the findings, and report them to you later.—W. B. P.*

Summer and vacation work during their school years has been of inestimable value. Thus a young engineer, who writes me that in his opinion one of the greatest problems confronting a beginner is his inability to understand what will be expected of him in his first position. For this reason I would suggest that one secure all the experience he can by working in various kinds of jobs while in school. They help him get "the feel of the shop."

Another very successful college graduate tells me that before starting to college, he had gained experience in carpentry, masonry, and concrete work, painting, steamfitting, and surveying. "A knowledge of these arts," he writes, "has been invaluable to me all along the

line and is practically indispensable to me today even though I am in sales work wholly unrelated to the crafts I've learned."

How can this be? It's quite simple.

The young man got his bearings not nearly so much by learning carpentry, masonry, and so on. Rather his experience with these techniques helped to give him the feel of the real world, a firsthand contact with real people and their tasks, and a running start toward earning a living.

The most important thing for any youngster out of high school and college to learn is not the particular skill of any single job, but rather *what the Real World is like*.

The essence of getting a start is firsthand contact with the real world. Once the job seeker has got the feel of reality, then he is in a position to move on to his own higher problem of a living and a career.

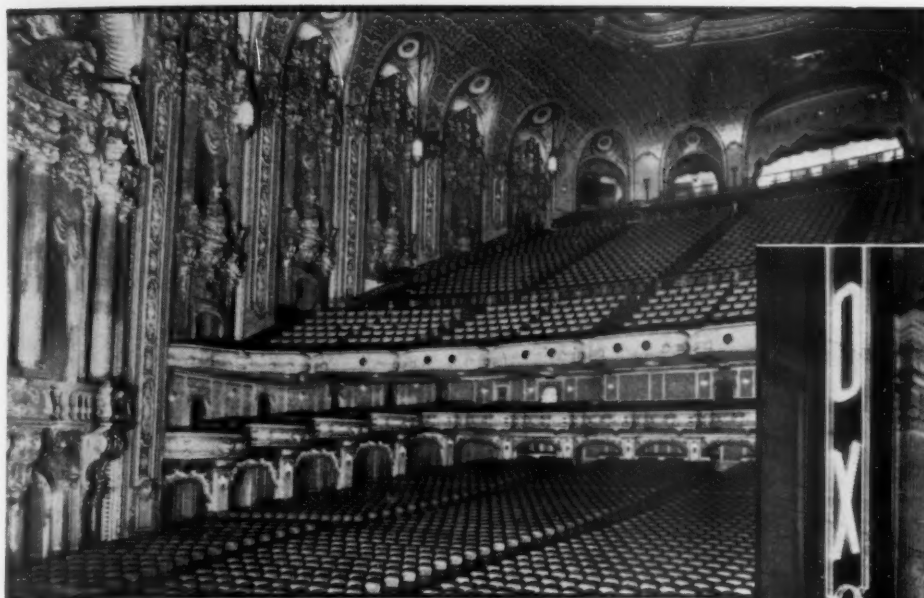
Through no fault of our young people, the school world—the only world with which they are familiar—is far removed from the Real World.

But the Real World's a tough place to jump into cold. It's tackled best by the youth who has warmed up to the task of finding a job—by getting his Running Start first.

Bright youngsters are beginning to learn the importance of changing the old saying "Well done is half done" to "Early begun is half done."

*"I suggested he offer to work as an apprentice. . . . Today he is making a good living in the same place."*





Plenary sessions of Rotary's 1938 Convention will take place in the capacious Fox Theater (photos show interior and façade). A canopied walk will link it to the House of Friendship.

Photo: (left) Sponagel



## The Stage Is Set! —in San Francisco

By James G. Card

*Chairman, Convention Committee of Rotary International*

**G**REAT CONVENTIONS, I am convinced, are like great men. They are made, not born. They take a heap of making by a host of men.

To give that conclusion point, let me take you backstage into the maze of plans, places, and personalities now fast taking shape as Rotary's great drama of 1938—its Convention in San Francisco, June 19-24.

Steaming home on the *S. S. Vulcania* after the Nice meeting last Summer, I had time to reflect upon—and gasp at—the size of my recent assignment to the 1938 Convention Committee. The Atlantic was tranquil. I wasn't. One afternoon Ed. Johnson came by, and I stopped him.

"Ed.," I said, "you've just handled this job, and, too, you're a Past President. Lend me an ear." He pulled up a chair. "Why not," I began, "drop the International Roundtable from the Convention program? The speeches from men of many nations, the pageants, the music, and flags are good, but the idea's old. Frankly, I'm tiring of it."

Ed. mused for a moment, then answered, "Yes, you and I have sat through many a Roundtable, that's true. But what did you think of the *first* one you ever listened to?"

"Wonderful! I'll never forget the experience!" I had to confess.

"All right!" Ed. concluded. "Mark this! Four-fifths of all who will attend our San Francisco Convention

will be first-time Convention-goers. Would you want them to miss—but need I say more?"

I assured him that he needn't. I saw his point. The upshot of the matter, I am happy to report, is that an International Roundtable is to have an important spot on the program at San Francisco—and I'm going to sit in the first row.

Behind every feature of the 1938 Convention lies a similar sifting and sorting of ideas. We're confident that our selections are going to result in a week of inspiration and fun that will linger long in the memory. But you're to judge of that yourselves—in June.

Our program is full—yet roomy. That is, we have roped off large parts of each of the six great days free for fellowship and fun. We have scheduled but four plenary sessions, each only two hours in length, and we have limited headline speakers to 30 minutes each.

It is my pleasure to tell you what has been fitted into those eight hours of full-Convention sessions—and into the smaller assemblies of the week. Last month, in these pages, Henry J. Brunnier, Chairman of the Host Club Executive Committee, detailed the special entertainment planned for your pleasure in San Francisco. He started, for instance, with the events of *Sunday, June 19*, the day for arriving. He told of the fine symphony concert to be held that evening . . . but turn back and read his story, if you haven't.

At the stroke of 2 o'clock on *Monday afternoon, June*



20, the Chairman's gavel will glance off the rostrum gong in the Fox Theater to call to order the first plenary session of Rotary's 29th annual Convention.

Soon Hon. Angelo J. Rossi, San Francisco's Rotarian Mayor, will be on his feet to welcome the Convention to his city and to sketch—with pardonable pride—its many attractions. And a second to that welcome, plus a special cordial greeting from the host Club, will come from its President, M. H. Crowe.

Gracious responses will follow—one, incidentally, by Frank L. Mulholland, of Toledo, Ohio, who was President of Rotary International in 1915, when Rotary held



its sixth Convention in San Francisco and its neighbor city Oakland.

Interest in the opening session will reach its peak when Rotary's President, Maurice Duperrey, steps to the microphone and in his sincere and eloquent manner brings an official welcome, discourses keenly on Rotary's trends and possibilities, and introduces his official family. Perhaps he may speak now in English, now in French, in Spanish, or in Italian, for, as Rotarians everywhere know, he is a linguist capable of at least a half-dozen tongues. Keynotes that will echo through the whole Convention and possibly down through Rotary history will sound out from this address and session.

*Tuesday, June 21*, is to be a big day! A play day for the ladies, who are to be treated to sight-seeing tours, but a working day for the men. Or would you call it work? At 10 o'clock in the morning the male populace of Conventionville will group itself according to craft and vocation—here the newspapermen, there the power laundrymen, yonder the food retailers—and each group

will assemble at the factory or business establishment of a San Francisco Rotarian whose classification matches the interest of the group. As host, the local Rotarian will conduct the party on a tour of his works, and a Chairman will preside at discussions of methods, ethics, and trends to be held en route or afterward. Significant recommendations and results of the vocational craft assemblies will be reported to the Convention Committee, and many of the meetings will conclude in complimentary luncheons or in informal gatherings to be held later during the week.

Yes, it *will* be a busy day, but it's to end with just the right sort of fillip—the President's Ball, which is always the cynosure of Convention entertainment, and which will be no exception to that rule this year.

As the seasoned Convention-goer knows, community singing punctuates general sessions. A period of this



**Headliners on the Convention's program of addresses are: President Maurice Duperrey (left); Founder Paul P. Harris (above).**

**Immediate Past President Will R. Manier, Jr., of Nashville, Tenn., who will speak on Building for the Future, in the final plenary session on Friday.**

excellent mood-conditioner, encouraged to well forth by Arthur Shank, Californian song leader, will lead into the second plenary session, at 10 o'clock *Wednesday morning, June 22*. And here is where the International Roundtable—of which I've spoken—comes in. A half-dozen men from every clime, introduced by Walter D. Head, International Service member of the Aims and Objects Committee, will bring *Examples of International Service among the Rotarians of My Country*. Here, let me assure you, is to be an hour of true enlightenment and international understanding.

The Roundtable over, nominations for Rotary's President and Treasurer for 1938-39 will be received, and a musical interlude will make the transition to the second peak of the morning's interest—an address by the Hon. Harold H. Burton, Mayor of Cleveland, Ohio. Boys Work is to be his theme, and all who have read in the public prints of this progressive administrator's achievements know that a happier choice for a speaker on this theme would be difficult to find. Incidentally, Mayor

Burton, who is an honorary member of the Cleveland Rotary Club, is to do double duty that morning. He is also to extend a welcome to Rotarians everywhere to attend the 1939 Convention, which will be held in his city. Moreover, Wednesday is his birthday. An airliner out of Cleveland will "set him down" in San Francisco just a few minutes before he's to "go on."

Group assemblies on Club, Vocational, Community, and International Service, and their subdivisions will take place Wednesday afternoon.

Let us slip around the clock to 10 A.M. on *Thursday, June 23*. It will, at that moment, be President Duperrey's pleasure to introduce a man whom Rotarians everywhere remember as a Past International President, whom shipowners and shiphands along the Pacific Coast know as the man who patches up—yes, dissolves—the differences of management and labor. His name—I scarcely

reports from the officers and from the Council on Legislation will be heard. The election of Directors will take place in this meeting.

There will be a surge of the Convention populace to one corner of the House of Friendship just after the business session to witness the awarding of trophies to winners of all Convention contests: attendance, golf, and the rest.

As dusk lowers on Thursday, Conventionville will see a temporary exodus as the populace boards automobiles and ferry boats bound for Treasure Island—the man-made reef in the middle of San Francisco Bay on which a great exposition is to be held in 1939. There the Exposition company is to serve up an international pageant.

Which brings us to *Friday, June 24* . . . the sixth and last day of the Convention. Maybe the community singing will be better than ever in Fox Theater just before 10 that morning. The mood will be one of deep regret at reaching the end of a great experience and of happiness in a good time had.

Past President Will R. Manier, Jr., known to Rotarians as a man of broad-gauged vision, will speak on *Building for the Future*. Then the 122 District Governors-Nominee from the globe's four corners will appear *en masse* on the huge stage—for election. Rotary's President for 1938-39, elected in a ballot Thursday morning, will be introduced to the Convention at this session, and after his presentation message, in which he will outline his aspirations and plans for the movement during the coming 12 months, he will introduce his Directors. Outgoing President Duperrey, in a short valedictory, will dismiss the Convention.

Nought but the adieus will remain. And 10,000 Rotarians and their wives and children will scatter to all the parts of the globe from which they came—back to their offices, kitchens, and playgrounds—though many will go via holiday detours. And all will go with minds full of happy memories and convictions in the oneness of mankind strengthened.

And San Francisco will have shared an honor worn by only two other cities, Chicago and Atlantic City—that of having entertained two Conventions of Rotary International. Cleveland, my home town, is to join that group in 1939, but that's crossing bridges prematurely. Let's be on hand to cross San Francisco's bridges when the Convention opens there *June 19*.

Let me taper off with a few lines from an editorial in *THE ROTARIAN* for June, 1915: "At the San Francisco Rotary Convention there will be hundreds of delegates . . . from the nearly 200 Rotary Clubs [thousands this year, from the nearly 4,700 Clubs]. . . . They will renew old acquaintances and form new ones. They will work and they will play. They will find a program prepared after much study to meet the present needs of Rotary. . . . They will gain new inspiration for genuine Service."

That preview, I think, is as revealing of Rotary's 29th Convention as it was of its sixth.

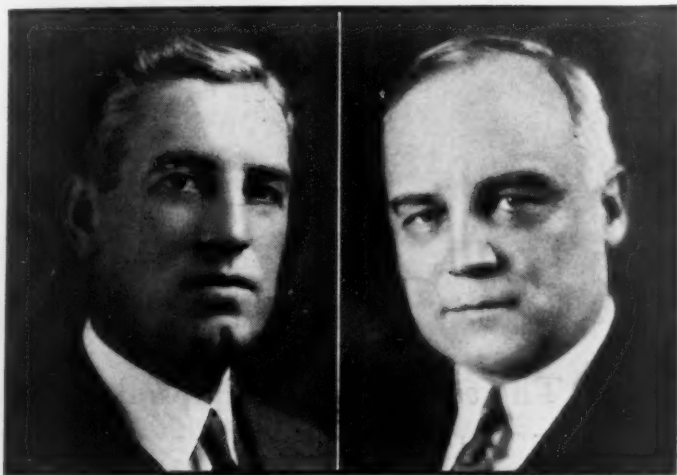


Photo: Randolph-Quainto-Garcia

*Past President Almon E. Roth, of San Francisco. Successful mediator of shipping strikes in the West, he will discuss employer-employee relations.*

*Hon. Harold H. Burton, Mayor of Cleveland, Ohio, and honorary member of the Rotary Club of Cleveland, will address a plenary session, on Boys Work.*

need tell you—is Almon E. Roth.\* He is president of the Waterfront Employers Association and president of the Pacific American Ship Owners' Association. He will speak on employer-employee relations.

Paul P. Harris, the man whose imagination generated the Rotary idea, will then address words characteristically searching and scintillating to the Convention audience, and Past President Robert E. Lee Hill, Chairman of the Magazine Committee of Rotary International, will, in the last minutes of the session, pay a tribute to winners of the Club-of-the-Year Contest which is sponsored annually by *THE ROTARIAN*.

For the first time in Convention history, a session strictly for matters of business, separate from general sessions, is to be held, this from 2 to 4 Thursday afternoon. While it is a special assembly of all official delegates, the meeting is to be open to all Convention-goers.

Reports from the Committees on Registration, Credentials, and Nominations and Election Arrangements, and

\* See *Taming Waterfront 'Beefs'*, *THE ROTARIAN*, February, 1938.

Illustrations by  
Wendell Kling



## Burn Down the 'Little Gray Home'

By S. S. Schnetzler

**T**HERE'S the life!" I mused aloud the other evening as we rode homeward past a row of small, brightly painted cottages. "No worries; no responsibilities; a quiet life in simple surroundings. Those folks know the meaning of real contentment and happiness!"

I scarcely realized my words were audible. Our high-school daughter sitting beside me was silent a moment, then challenged my musings. "Doesn't that kind of contentment kill off ambition, Daddy? Will those people ever accomplish anything worth while if they're satisfied to stay here all their lives?"

Thus, quite innocently, did this youngster of ours split wide open a vital problem of our day as it affects you and me. Could it be, she forced me to ask myself, that we adults, who once thrilled to the rhapsody of "the little gray home in the West," were feeding ourselves emotional pap? Has the age-old "love in a cottage" idea become a dangerous snare and delusion? Is, in fact, our whole democratic ideal of the equality of mankind due for drastic revision?

In the early days of the New World, naturally the circumstances of pioneer life imposed such equality. When men shot game for food, felled trees for firewood, and united in a common defense against savages and wild beasts, the individual who refused to bring his wits

The song writer's rhapsody over rural retreats doesn't harmonize with ambition and willingness to desert ruts and blaze new trails.

and energies into harmony with the group mind was considered a menace to the common good. Properly he was suspect and became a vagrant or an outlaw.

With the passing of that era, however, as the wildernesses were conquered and energies harnessed, men as individuals became important not because of their similarities with but their differences from the mass of their fellows. An Edison, a Ford, or a Lindbergh made his place in history not because he could hoe potatoes or saw wood or shoot a gun as well as his neighbor could. His significance lay in his unique ability to do something better than anybody else—to rise above the crowd.

My own reaction to the cottages on that homeward road, however, convinces me that most of us are still living under the romantic spell of the "little gray home" appeal. Poetically, perhaps it has its points. Rationally, though, it just doesn't "hold water." On the face of it, there's certainly no outstanding virtue in being content with a little house, a small bank account, and a mediocre education when a rich, vast country so lavishly offers its wealth to all.

Since most of us at that time lived in "little gray homes," naturally the song writer's romanticizing our



plight appealed to us. We liked to believe that we were the favored creatures of creation, the inhabitants of an earthly paradise—even though we didn't know just where the next mortgage payment was coming from. Too often we unconsciously let this delusion lull us into a false sense of successful living. We persuaded ourselves that we didn't have to dream of bigger quarters, fight for better jobs, or put in our evenings training ourselves for advancement in our craft. We were already the luckiest people the sun had ever shone on. Hadn't a ballad maker told us so?

**W**HAT is worse, we've subtly passed on the same idea to our children. "Don't let Johnny lord it over you, even though his father does happen to be a foreman in our plant. We're just as good as they are—and perhaps a whole lot better!"

That's a social philosophy which too many of us have preached to our youngsters. Since, moreover, there can be only one foreman to boss a group of workmen, and, by the same token, only one Johnny to try to lord it over a mob of "just-as-good-as-you-are's," naturally Johnny finds the going pretty tough. Even if he happens to have exceptional talents in any direction, the weight of mass opinion threatens to smother them unless he gets daily and enthusiastic encouragement at home. The same applies with even greater force to any member of the hooting mob. As a consequence, the entire tendency of the "little gray home" idea in action in the educational system is to pull the average achievement of the group down to the level of the child of least ability. By ridicule, by ostracism, sometimes even by intimidation, the brightest pupil is forced to hold himself back in order not to "show up" the lazier or more backward members.

The impulse "not to be different," the compulsion to "run with the pack," are, in fact, so overwhelming as to endanger the future of the next generation.

Here, in our town, for example, we see the unhappy results on every hand. Each year, local boys are graduated as doctors, lawyers, or dentists from various universities. They return to us, move into the same dingy offices which others before them have occupied, and prepare to conduct their professions in a time-honored but uninspiring manner. Having hidden themselves away in cubbyholes which people

enter only under the whip of sternest necessity, they sit back and starve during the customary four or five years while they slowly build themselves a practice and a few of their older competitors die off.

A year ago, however, one of our youngsters who somehow has always had the courage to be "different," returned to us. On a corner at the edge of the town's business section, he selected a lot and persuaded the owner to erect a modest, modern bungalow. In it he installed his equipment. He decorated the interior in blue and white, furnished his waiting room as artistically as though it were the parlor of a honeymoon cottage, and hired one of the prettiest girls in town as the office nurse. Then—no! he didn't sit down and wait four or five years for a patient. Miraculously, the whole town soon discovered that it was almost a pleasure to go to a place such as his for work. Only one year out of the university, he now has a new car, an engagement book so crammed with appointments that it's almost a distinction to get one's name in it, and a perpetual look of perplexity on his face as he hears that his old-line competitors "ain't doin' so good."

This being a seashore town, we're crammed, of course,



*"First, she delved into old archives, quizzed the waterfront fisherfolk..."*

to capacity with eating places. Every one is just about like the others in the same block—all fairly good, but none outstanding.

Recently, however, a young girl joined us who has the gumption to stick her head up above the level of the crowd. She decided that an eating place, to amount to anything, must stand for something. It must be unique, have atmosphere, and become famous for some one thing. She decided to specialize in the preparation of seafood. First, she delved into old archives, quizzed the waterfront fisherfolk, and gathered recipes from far and wide. Then she decorated the interior of her eating place with nautical devices, nets and floats, and the like, and set to work. Today, we in our town are happy in the thought that we can drop in there any day of the year and enjoy the freshest and tastiest seafood which our ocean affords.

**S**HE hasn't stopped at this, however. She has made each day a "special day"—Monday, of course, "fish day"; Tuesday, "corned-beef-and-cabbage day"; Wednesday, "chowmein day"; Thursday (the cook's night out!) is "chicken-and-turkey day." Different? Not radically so, perhaps. Extraordinary? Well, just enough so to claim our attention when eating time rolls round.

A young gas-station owner decided that repeat grease jobs might be profitable. Hence, whenever you stop at his place to have your car serviced, he inquires casually about how many miles you average in the car every month. He notes the mileage on your speedometer, and, when sufficient time has elapsed, he drops you a post card which reads, "When last you called on me, your speedometer read —. In all probability, you're now ready for a new grease job. Drop in and see me. I'll gladly rid you of the responsibility of keeping your — in running order."

He tells me that he's finding this innovation profitable. He's just another of a dozen examples of men who are gaining, perhaps not fame and fortune, but at least a richer livelihood than their competitors who continue to "run with the pack."

All this my daughter and I discussed on our homeward journey that evening. We decided that the "little gray home in the West" attitude toward life wasn't an especially inspiring one. Little homes, little bank accounts, little educations, are all very well in themselves provided they don't drug us with a false sense of having reached the end of the road of achievement instead of merely being at the beginning of it, and provided we don't allow those who have ceased trying, to

rob us of the "divine unrest" of which the poet speaks.

Not only did we decide that the old-fashioned attitude didn't get people anywhere, but we vowed to do something about it in our own lives. As far as she is concerned, the process seems simple enough. She has all her days before her, has not yet decided on a career, is still young enough not to be thwarted by unsound thought processes.

But what, we asked ourselves, about us oldsters? What's going to snap us out of our smugness and laziness and complacency?

Almost as though he spoke in answer to our perplexities, a local philosopher remarked over the radio a few days later, "I'm convinced that 90 percent of the people who are unhappy in their jobs are tied to them through fear. They're afraid to strike out for themselves, afraid to try anything new, because—well, why? For the life of me, I can't see. Why should anyone be afraid to give up something which he loathes? Why should he fear possible failure when the history of every great man recounts only a succession of failures and disappointments and renewed efforts? The probabilities of anyone's actually starving or freezing to death in this day and age are weirdly remote. He'll always be able to scrape together the bare necessities for existence while he's trying his wings, following his inmost desire, doing the thing in life which he believes to be his real destiny. Fear—fear of the unknown—is all that holds him down. The fear which causes the savage to tremble beneath the thunder and lightning which he cannot quite comprehend. Arise, then, ye waverers! Cast off these old bogies! Rise on your hind legs—and be men!"

Fear of the unknown—fear of the untried; fear of being "different" from the other people in our shop or office or schoolroom.

For my children's sake, for my own sake, I hope that we, in our family, can burn down that little gray home, can destroy that image of limited achievement, can inspire our youngsters and ourselves to lift our heads, strike out along broad mental paths, do something new in an old way or something old in a new way.

Let us enjoy the things which we have, but let us not be content with them. Let us love every inch of the tiny mental homes which we now inhabit, but, at the same time, let us dream of intellectual dwelling places bounded only by infinity and roofed over by the limitless sky. Not contentment but aspiration is the food of the giants of our coming generations.

My daughter had the wisdom to awaken me from my romantic illusion. Now perhaps I shall be able more intelligently to help her to aim high, strive mightily, and achieve to the limit of her capabilities. That's the insurance which she and I have placed on the little gray home which we're going to try to destroy.



"... it was almost a pleasure to go to a place such as his for work."



## Movies Move the World

By Henry Albert Phillips

**A**FTER girdling the world, visiting Gargantuan cities and elfin hamlets, I am convinced that moving pictures have already influenced its course and viewpoint to such an extent that it no longer sees, thinks, or feels as it once did. Like it or no, it is a fact that the silver screen is everywhere boring into ancient institutions and day by day is exerting an enormous influence in replacing something of the very old with something very new.

Nearly every child in every civilized land knows by name, by sight, or by voice at least a score of cinema stars. Oftentimes they know them as well as they do their own rulers. In Japan we saw 10,000 "fans" jamming a Tokyo railway station, while 100,000 more were blocking the streets outside—welcoming Mary Pickford to their city. In Mexico we watched Lupe Velez being rescued by the Mexico City police from a friendly mob twice as large as the one which had greeted President Cárdenas the day before.

Age-old customs that refused to budge in centuries of pressure from outside simply melt in the glamorous glow of the silver screen. It introduced flesh-colored stockings to all the women of the world—and immediately necessitated the manufacture of millions of pairs to meet the demand. Today, the cinema is similarly spreading the popularity of the short extra "ski socks" even to the Tropics, through the medium of the several popular Winter-sport pictures. It was the Hollywood movies that bobbed the heads of the female universe, and its stars still keep barbers busy changing hair styles from month to month. In all the South American barber shops I found Cinema-Star Hair-Cutting Charts for both



Photos: (top) Ewing Galloway; (left) Wide World

*A Hollywood première—floods of dazzling light (top) announce it; crowds stand for hours (circle) to glimpse their favorite stars as they arrive at the cinema palace.*

male and female. We all remember how the late Jean Harlow started a world run on platinum-blonding that even penetrated the color lines of tropical countries.

The latest "hit" picture is at once the joy and the despair of *couturières*. It leaves in its wake a flood of new styles, just as surely as Hollywood is the arbiter of fashion today. Paris and Bond Street control only the ultra trade. Any distinctive style feature worn by a movie star starts a vogue and brings the world fans clamoring for its duplication. Once it was the "Joan Crawford" piqué-trimmed frock. Then followed the "Shirley Temple" hairbands that encircled the juvenile heads of the world. Now, it is the "Seven Dwarfs" hats that you will meet wherever





Photos: (above) Chicago Tribune; (right) Keystone View Co.

Not the least of the movies' influence is on styles, as note the unique hat (below) which came into vogue after the showings of Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs (left).



you travel. For years, "Mickey Mouse"\* has fashioned aprons, bibs, kerchiefs, dresses, candies, toys, balloons, and what not by the million all the way from Tuscarora to Timbuktu. Immediately after Clark Gable was seen on the screen in a turtle-neck sweater, manufacturers were swamped with orders for turtle-neck sweaters that had been out of style for years. Similarly, when Robert Montgomery appeared in a picture wearing a tail coat nearly down to his heels, the style changed to that absurd length overnight.

And here is the solution of the mysterious disappearance—almost before you could say "Jack Robinson!"—of the good old plus-four golf trousers. It seems that several popular and well-dressed male stars had been espied on the screen playing golf in slacks! That settled plus fours and "made" slacks. Finally, in another field, consider the cash register so frequently seen in the movies. It has displaced the age-old abacus upon which for centuries the accounting system of oriental countries had hung. In every instance, popular patronage followed a popular fancy cultivated under the pleasant influence of the movies.

More important still, the motion picture brought not only world knowledge to unenlightened peoples, but also more light into the oft-times darkened life of whole nations and showed them that other men and other peoples—often their so-called enemies—were not so very different—no better, no worse, perhaps—from themselves, and that we all belong to one big family. Businessmen have long known this, but it is sociologists, the press, statesmen, who are really concerned, for the moving quality of the movies is well nigh irresistible. Both for good and for ill!

Ralph D. Blumenfeld, chairman of the London *Daily Express*, once assured me that he considered the Hollywood movies the "world's greatest mischief maker." For example, when the people of Uganda or Mozambique, through the screen, see the white man as a dope fiend, a despicable gangster, steeped in crime, perhaps subdued,

handcuffed, and kicked about—well, it does complicate a world problem.

I have seen that same sort of thing abetted in more than one country. One evening, shortly after the cry of Muezzin, heard from a minaret overlooking one of the narrow streets of darkest Morocco, had died from our ears, we dropped into a cinema. The feature picture was from Hollywood and it offended every Mohammedan tradition against the inviolability of woman, by setting up an American heroine almost on a pedestal for her infidelity, amidst boudoir revelations and promiscuous kissing. When the lights were partially raised, I saw the Arab woman who had been sitting alone now being caressed by a male neighbor and smoking a cigaret with her sacred veil half raised. Eyes had been opened in Islam that would never close!

**L**ESS than a mile from the triple wall of the Forbidden City with its Temple of Heaven, in Peiping, China, there now stands a cinema palace. When I visited it, the feature photoplay was *The Luck of Roaring Camp*! The master of ceremonies sat prominently on the stage re-enacting all the character parts as he read the script—roaring the villain's commands, piping the heroine's pleas, crying like the baby. The next picture, a musical, displayed 20 girls wearing nothing more than brassiere and girdle, all through which three silk-trousered girls with hair bobbed *à la* Hollywood sat and giggled.

Japan has been more affected and changed probably by motion pictures than any other country, simply because it has been her honest and insatiable desire to Westernize herself. The good has oftentimes been copied with the bad. The Government has recently ordered both the taxi-dance hall and the cheap cabaret abolished, both of which, I was informed on good authority, had been copied whole cloth from American movies.

While in Spain, long before its Civil War, I saw movies

\* See *Around the World with Mickey Mouse*, THE ROTARIAN, May, 1934.

with their inevitable "boy meets girl" complex helping to break down the strict Spanish conventions of keeping boy and girl apart until after marriage. Certainly no one thing did American reputation so much harm as the three-year scourge of gangster pictures. It was a public school in which crooks could improve their obsolete technique, as I had occasion to observe when in Mexico. While holdups were not uncommon in rural Mexico,

small child hanging to their skirts knew Shirley by sight and loved her as though she had been her own sister.

Didn't a statesman in the British Parliament remark not long ago, "Flood the picture houses with Mickey Mouse, and there simply *can't* be another war!"? That remark contains the kernel of it all.

Perhaps the question most frequently asked me, when it is learned that I spent a year in Hollywood, is, "What



Photos: (left to right) (1) Wide World; (2) Acme; (3 & 4) Chicago Tribune

*Calls for talent know no borders in the movie world. Here (left to right) are: Mexico's Lupe Velez, America's Clark Gable, Sweden's Greta Garbo, England's Charles Laughton. . . . Movie houses in far-flung corners (right): in Java . . . in the Philippines . . . in Bermuda.*

they were practically unknown in the larger cities, where I have often bumped into bank messengers carrying armfuls of exposed bank notes and currency through the crowded streets. But no longer, thanks to movies. Three youths recently captured in Vera Cruz after staging a holdup, confessed that they had been inspired by a gangster-hero picture.

That the greater tendency of American pictures has been in the direction of good influence rather than bad is generally acknowledged. As Señor Bustamante, leading playwright of Mexico, once put it to me, "Ah, the American movies! God bless them! They make the whole world laugh—especially the sad Mexicans who only cry at home." E. V. Lucas, editor of *Punch*, was just as touching when he told me, "Your movies are the links between poor human nature and magic!"

In the Cinema de Paris in Nice I have seen half the audience—soldiers among them—blubbering over that scene in *Old Heidelberg* where Kathi (Norma Shearer) is reluctantly abandoned by her lover, Prince Karl. For a solid hour all France's animosity against her former enemy vanished in a pool of human sympathy; brought together in spirit by the movies, there existed a state of kinship in which war was unthinkable.

Many of us recall when Mary Pickford was "The World's Sweetheart." Today, her place has been taken by a child, Shirley Temple. "Sheer-lay Tem-play," they affectionately call her in Mexico, where I have seen a long line of Indian mothers spending their last centavo, waiting for a Shirley-picture house to open its doors. Every



Photos: (top down) De Cui from Ewing Galloway; Burton Holmes from same; Acme

is Hollywood like"—for from this sun-drenched southern California city comes a large share of the movies of the world. Going statistical for just a moment bears ample proof of that. Through the doorways of the earth's 95,000 movie theaters every week pour 220 million people to view the film-studio productions of some 30 countries. (In Germany, for instance, according to recent figures, there were 359 million single admissions in one year.) Seventy percent of the pictures appearing on the silver screen before these millions of people emanate from Hollywood. It comes as no revelation, therefore, that Hollywood-made films exercise a dominant influence in the entertainment life of men, women, and children of every race, age, creed, and clime.

So, let us drop in on this city whose industry affects the world and which will be included as a "must" in the itinerary of thousands attending the Convention of Rotary International in San Francisco, June 19 to 24.

Hollywood is honestly and truly the Land of Make Believe. Once inside the gate of a vast film studio and we lose all sense of time and space, equilibrium and economy. We find ourselves on the "lot" of Illusions, at the crossroads of the world since history began: here, a corner of the Appian Way in the time of Caesar . . . there the ruins of a French cathedral during the World War . . . yonder, a peaceful New England village green in the days of witchcraft. We are entirely surrounded by grown-up nursery rhymes in the making.

Our first impression of one of the huge concrete theaters is that of a great scientific workshop. Steel girders, galleries, and platforms; giant cranes lifting manned batteries of cameras. Strange creatures lurking in the shadowy "wings": ballet dancers, aristocrats, beggars, gangsters, French poilus, and German uhlans. The lord high director in a halo of light, surrounded by his aides, like the general staff on the eve of an engagement. "Lights!" roars a voice, and shafts of light bombard the scene like hissing shrapnel. "Silence!" bellows another voice, and quiet falls like the zero hour. "Action!" commands the director, and a small voice issues from the stage—a voice that is going to be heard around the world! A million-dollar picture is in the making!

It is luncheon time and we drive down Vine Street to look over the "eats" palaces, which are like movie sets off the "lot." What shall it be—Cafe de la Paix, Mammy's Shack, The Ham Tree, The Tropical Inn, The Dutch Oven, Hi-Hat, or The Mission Bell? We decide on the even more famous Brown Derby, where we will

be sure to meet some old-timer, who will spill yarns that sound like Baron Munchausen's.

"Million dollars? Just a bagatelle out here," he expatiates over the soup. "*The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* beat the million mark by a lot. Garbo's *Conquest* nicked 'em for nearly 4 millions. Costs run something like this: stars—\$250,000; sets—\$150,000; story, usually \$100,000, although the book of *Hurricane* cost 'em \$200,000; directors—\$60,000; technical—\$75,000; miscellaneous—about half a million. They've got to get 23 million people into the theaters to see it before they can say it is paid for."

Over coffee and cigars he dismisses the details with a wave of the hand. "Extras? Why, *The Prisoner of Zenda* used 8,500 a day at \$7.50 each, which did not equal the cost of the big mechanical whale in *Moby Dick*. They are always jumping on the property department to keep down expenses and at the same time be ready to furnish anything from Cleopatra's Needle to a white elephant on a minute's notice. *Tom Sawyer* brought out a hurry call for a wood-burning locomotive, a pair of extra-heavy oxen, a live catfish, a Missouri village street 'dressed up,' and a doorknocker from Revolutionary days. Next day they ordered Tom's Pirate Island surrounded by five feet of water delivered right onto the stage."

Finally, even Nature has conspired in helping to give Hollywood a fabulous setting. It is like a mighty movie set with the eastern horizon made up of snow-clad

Sierras towering a couple of miles above a sizzling desert. Files of waving palms march down from the foothills through every lane, avenue, and road, suggesting vistas of Cairo, of Nice, of Marrakech, of Cádiz—all in their time to be turned to good account in the movies. Orange, lemon, and grapefruit groves proclaiming the Tropics, pepper trees cascading a lacy curtain across every perspective and eucalyptus perfuming every byway. Flowers making a jardiniere of the whole valley. A climate fit for the gods, and the demi-gods who have condescended to dwell here, and sunshine and seasons made to order for taking pictures!

The great metropolis of Los Angeles ("The Angels") staved off a half hour, in one direction; the Pacific with its paradisiacal Maribou Beach and Santa Monica, but a short motor drive, in another; and residential Beverly Hills within easy gaping distance at the end of a hard working day. . . .

Hollywood is incomparable, declare its enthusiastic exponents—and, truly, their name is legion. Yet in more than a score of nations Hollywood alumni are transplanting chips of Hollywood techniques. Many European and English actors and actresses have now returned to their homelands to star in companies of their own direction.

. . . . For movies are growing up. But Hollywoodites say, and insist, there can be only one Hollywood.

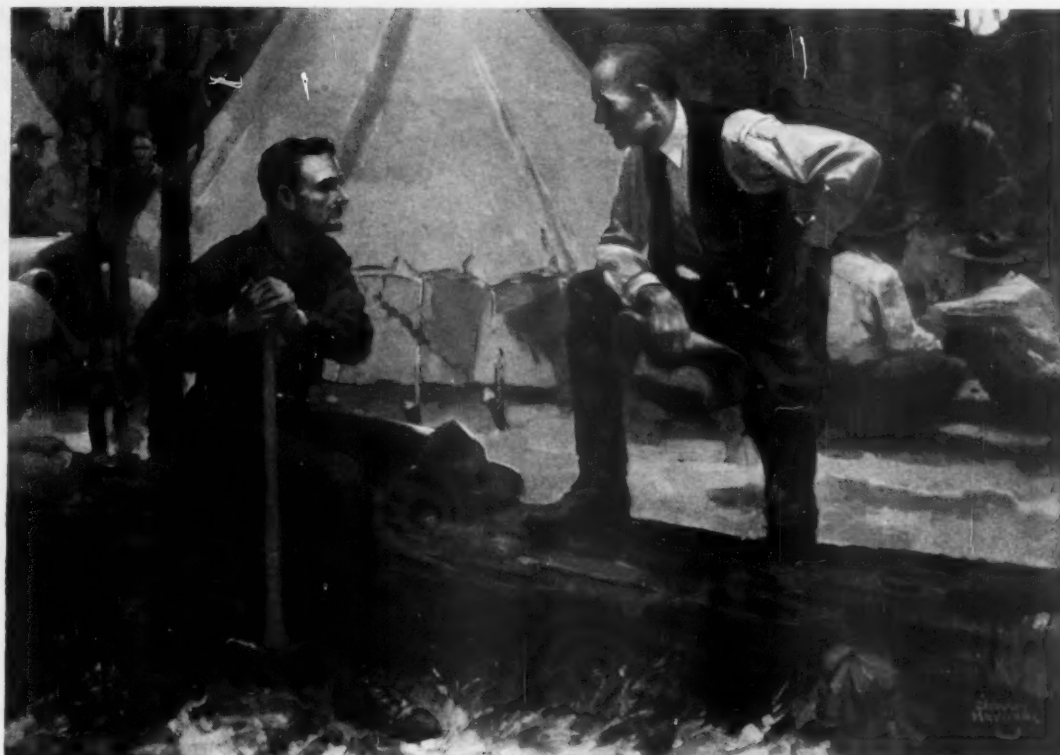
Photo: Keystone View Co.



A "Shirley Temple" doll—and, of course, Shirley.



"But," he said,  
"this CCC  
work isn't any-  
thing for a guy  
to be doin' if he  
can help it."



## America's Third Frontier

By Neil M. Clark

Illustrations by Charles Hargens

**A** FIRE which used to burn brightly in the United States seems to be dying down. Thoughtful people are asking whether from the ashes a certain spirit of the Nation can rise phoenixlike to new youth. I should like to approach this question from a neglected angle, and for text and starting point will take a young Civilian Conservation Corps worker in an Idaho national forest.

This youth was born and brought up in Jersey City, New Jersey. His first regular job was in the CCC. His hands had grown callouses, his skin had become thoroughly tanned, the rawness of the rank recruit had passed, and he was pretty much a veteran before a stranger straddled a log with him outside his tent home in a high woods camp.

He accepted a cigarette and talked frankly. Did he like the life?—sure. Work too hard?—gee, no! Plenty of eats and sport?—sure.

"But," he confided, "this CCC work isn't anything for a guy to be doin' if he can help it."

If you interpret his reaction as ingratitude, I do not think you are entirely just. Rather, I see in his words the glow of a spark of the spirit that made America, a pulsating urge to do something well worth the doing. Mistakenly or otherwise, he found little in the work his hand

First, the geographical; second, the industrial; and now, waiting to be explored by young men is the new challenge of esthetics.

had been set to do that spurred his imagination or whipped up his enthusiasm. And this young man, vaguely resentful of economic forces that seem not to give opportunity for expressing his energies and his dreams, epitomizes the problem I would explore.

We—and I speak of America—must face creatively the fact that probably many of our youth coming of working age today, see no place to turn hopefully to find the opportunities and wealth of promise American life has held hitherto for those with energy, health, and willingness.

**A**MERICAN life hitherto, we note, has been conditioned powerfully by its frontiers. As late as 1890, or nearly then, the frontier was geographical. By crossing an imaginary line and surrounding himself with unclaimed timber or prairie, the young man of an earlier generation, even though he had no capital, could face a new world, where customs and nature had not yet been molded into hard-and-fast forms. He could impress his energies and ideas on his surroundings on an equal basis with any other citizen.

Furthermore, since the frontier line could be crossed



*"As late as 1890, or nearly then, the frontier was geographical . . . and nature had not yet been molded into hard-and-fast forms."*

at any time by anybody with the requisite fortitude, it influenced the actions and thoughts even of those who did not leave home. For some 200 years, in the words of F. J. Turner, "westward expansion was the most important single process in American history." No one who would understand the mind of modern America can overlook the significance of that observation.

The frontier was more than a place where a man could have a farm for the asking. It was "a state of mind and a golden opportunity." Always and most significantly it was that. There was a throb and a stir in

it. Men did not always analyze what drew them to it, but they felt its magnetic force as young men always feel the force of the frontiers of their day.

For an established society, the geographical frontier was a spillway: the energy of youth, dammed up at home, could overflow and spend itself against the wilderness.

Youth in no age is well served unless it has a new dream to unfold, a clean block of paper to write on, a chance to create an original product and set a brand on it, a job in which to become wholly absorbed. Nor is the nation well served which does not provide a frontier of some sort for each succeeding generation of youth.

When the geographical frontier was more or less closed, due to the "filling up" of the country, one powerful influence failed to operate directly any longer within the Nation, and great changes took place. Fortunately, however, a second frontier was recognized almost at once. This was not geographical, but mechanical.

The Nation became absorbed in a tremendous industrial development which once more was extensive enough to sweep into its swift and exciting current much of the youthful energy that hitherto had challenged life by riding against the sunset.

**A**T THE beginning of this new period, about 1890, approximately two-thirds of the population was still supported by agriculture; 40 years later, when the further boundaries of the second frontier began to draw in, approximately two-thirds of the population was supported by industry.

Meanwhile, the country had entered and explored the wilderness of such revolutionary undertakings as the automotive industry, radio, mechanical refrigeration, installment buying, hard-roads construction, and many more, and young men dreaming of fortunes and big chances had drifted from farms and small towns into great industrial centers in a population movement not unlike that of the movement which spread across the earlier geographical frontier.

However, in 1890 the end of westward migration had not come. The last man had not moved West. Only as a frontier had the West disappeared. Likewise in 1930, industrial development had not ceased; but the frontier character of that development had been pretty well exhausted. Fathers and grandfathers talked of it, but to young men it lacked reality.

If we are going to give the youth of today and tomorrow what youth had yesterday in the United States, we must find some other frontier which young men can

explore with a feeling of excitement and high adventure; into which their exuberant energies can pour relatively unhampered by the traditions and experience of their elders, and about which they can dream their own dreams; in which, too, their creative abilities may shape new forms and molds for civilization, society, and human life.

And does the country not cry out for a crusade on many fronts, that might employ the emerging excess energies of young people fully and splendidly for at least a generation, a crusade directed toward providing conditions for finer living within our borders?

We are in the position, nationally, of a man who gets a little money ahead after a hard struggle. He buys a better house. He pleases himself by purchasing a handsome rug, or perhaps an oil painting or two. He goes oftener to the theater. He begins to cultivate an ear, perhaps, for symphonies, and a taste for the amenities of polite living. Feeling that he has attained a measure of economic security, he resolves, in brief, to live more graciously.

Perhaps you say that the comparison is a poor one: that we have not attained economic security or anything like it. I grant you that most individuals have not. *But the Nation has.* Our developed or visible productive capacity on farms and in factories is sufficient to provide a continuous minimum of security for every individual in the country.

True, distribution has been faulty; but that is essentially a surface difficulty, and it may be one of the puzzling problems of the new frontier that the oncoming generation must grapple with and subdue, just as earlier generations faced and subdued the varied problems of creating wilderness homes.

Clearly, this Nation has a little something ahead. The time has come for national rug- and picture-buying. The first frontier was geographical; the second was mechanical, scientific, technological; the third . . . may it not be described, imperfectly to be sure, as esthetic—or humanistic? Should we be given pause and hesitate merely because no nation in history, save possibly Greece, has ever adventurously explored a frontier such as this? Is not that, perhaps, one of the stirring arguments in its favor?

What, *specifically*, are some of the tasks that seem to be crying out for action on this new frontier? It is dangerous to be specific. To go into details invites misunderstanding and prejudice. Dreamers at the outset of the industrial frontier era were laughed at and derided if they spoke of hard roads reaching to every hamlet, and millions of automobiles and radios, or of airplanes in daily use. But at the risk of disaster, let us be as specific as possible.



" . . . young men dreaming of fortunes and big chances had drifted from farms and small towns into great industrial centers . . ."

In our public works programs we have somewhat indecisively, in stop-gap fashion, built post offices and other public buildings, and have indeed spent money determinedly. But it has been done mostly under the "relief" urge.

Yet, if we look about us with the eye of a true frontiersman, we see many things to do. Our national domain needs to be set in order in nearly every section, and in many phases of its activities.

Kansas, to take one example, has few lakes. It is a long, wide, dry, and dusty State. Swimming holes are far



between. Boating is a rare pleasure, likewise fishing. But lakes are not hard to make—and though a start has been made at building dams and boring wells to create lakes, it is but a start.

Iowa, the great corn-raising State, has a 20-year program for improvements, and although Iowa is not so dry as Kansas, the creation of many small lakes is an integral part of the plan. Missouri had no lake of any size until the power and light company of St. Louis, in search of new water-power supplies, threw a dam across the Osage River near the little town of Bagnell. The Lake of the Ozarks was formed, with a shore line of 1,300 miles, and with inexhaustible possibilities for recreation which are being wisely developed.

**T**HE realization comes late that land has uses other than for homes, and industrial sites, and farms. Recreation is a legitimate land use, too. The creation of local, State, and national playgrounds (parks) is part of the work still to be done in the future, and in achieving that purpose there is work with a vision for millions of hands that need to be employed zestfully and eagerly.

The West has nearly all the great national parks now. The more-populated East has a greater need for them.

I like to think of parks dotted with outdoor theaters, great arenas in the forest with backdrops of living green, in which the art of original plays and pageants may have creative rebirth, with hundreds of participating actors, and audiences of thousands, or tens of thousands. I like to think of ski-slides in them, and well-stocked fishing waters, and wild-life preserves open under control for hunting. The generation that undertakes to present such parks and playgrounds to the Nation will have done an absorbing job, a job as enduring and necessary to our complete welfare as was the wiping out of the last geographical frontier.

Along another front, too, a tremendous pioneer job awaits young men with an urge for expansive, adventurous enterprise. This has to do with housing the people of this country in homes of at least minimum decency. We imagine we live pretty well. But our blindness is under our own eyebrows . . . the fact remains that *every other home in the United States fails to measure up to minimum standards of decency.*

No slums in the world can match ours for filth—outdoor or indoor noisome toilets down dark hallways with overpowering and never-absent stench; airless rooms and overcrowding breeding diseases, moral and physical; damp walls, lack of heat, water, privacy, and light, contributing to discomfort, disease, and death. And it is not

only in the cities that people are badly housed. In the country, the ratio of inadequate housing is even higher.

Better homes and cheaper. Will we neglect this opportunity?

Tree planting along highways may be another important task of the third frontier. Likewise, the highways themselves are far from perfect, far from complete, good as we like to think them.

There also is a distinct and very puzzling educational frontier, with an urgent call for those to whom liberty is precious. There is a religious frontier . . . but there is always that. All of these, all, and many more, are part of the frontier that is nothing less than the Nation itself, to make it a fairer place in which to live. And that is a job, is it not, to which young men can dedicate themselves with steady dreams in their hearts and hope in their eyes, as did their ancestors who carried guns across the prairies and fought Indians for homesteads?

How about financing it? I hear a "practical" man saying solemnly, "You realize, don't you, that these things you are talking about do not bring in any money?—that it's all outgo? Who's going to pay for it?"

That is a fair question, although it is asked most urgently by a generation that has had hard edges to rub down. The broad answer is simple enough: the Nation is going to pay for it. The Nation as a whole, which can "afford it," or integral parts of the Nation to be benefited. Who pays for the yacht of the young man who inherited 17 millions? The yacht doesn't bring in anything. It's all outgo. The exact method by which the Nation chooses to pay for it out of its accumulated heritage *is itself a problem of the new frontier.*

The Nation has admittedly made grievous mistakes in the past in parcelling out its rich domain. Perhaps some pioneer of the new generation will find a way to recover for the benefit of all, some of that which fortuitously fell into the hands of a few. The future is alive with opportunities for social pioneering, as well as with opportunities for specific embroideries on the pattern of daily living.

To suggest this third frontier is one thing. To dictate how it shall be won is another, and to attempt to dictate becomes an affront to youth.

Let young men and their leaders find the way. Only so will they be satisfied. Only so will the new frontier fully justify itself . . . and no tightening of the lines governmentally, so that the individual does not have his full chance. Life must still be an adventure.

Horace Greeley said in an earlier day, "Go West, young man!" What routes to take, and what each of the young men was to do upon arrival, he did not specify. Enough to open their eyes to the fact that in a certain direction lay their frontier with its dazzling promise.



# I've Lost and Gained a Son

By a Father

**I** HAVE LOST my 21-year-old son. He is not dead—only to me. For three months now, he has been away from home “on his own.” In that time I have received not one letter. Twice he has returned to this city, checked in at a hotel, not bothered even to phone. It hurts. But if the hurt is mine, so is the fault. As a father, I had my chance and “muffed” it. How many fathers, I wonder, are similarly laying up bitter regrets today?

By orthodox standards, I have been a “good” father. That is, I saw to my boy’s food, clothing, shelter, educational, and medical needs. But in nearly every other way, I have missed. I know now that what I gave my boy was little more than what I give my dog and my horse. I know now that I neglected to grow up with my boy—to make him my companion and “pal.” I know now, at an age in life when leisure with loneliness threatens, that he has failed me because I, who should have been wiser, failed him.

In this tragic wreckage, there is one consolation. I have left to salvage, one 15-year-old son, and I do not intend to lose him, too.

Only last week I asked Bill to accompany me on a week-end fishing trip—and deserved the wrench his look of utter incredulity gave me. It was the first fishing trip we had ever taken together. We were both a little embarrassed at first—what to talk about, how to act. A lifetime of, and perhaps inherited, undemonstrativeness is difficult to break. For duty’s sake, I was even prepared to be a bit bored. Then, out on the road—tent, supplies, and tackle stored in the rear of the car—something within me snapped. I became a 15-year-old, too.

Perhaps it was my boy’s eager, shining face. Perhaps it was his infectious enthusiasm. Perhaps long-forgotten memories stirred of that old swimming and fishing pond down by the railroad tracks. Anyway, there we were, Bill and I, a couple of kids, adventure, thrills, and the great out-of-doors ahead.

Bill tucked in like a soldier. Helped put up the tent, make the cots, “lug in” firewood and water. And T-bone steaks grilled over coals never tasted better. Supper over, we pulled up officers’ chairs in front of the fire. In the entire world, I doubt if there is a better place for heart-to-



Woodcut by M. J. Gallagher

heart intimacy than about the camp fire at night. A great universe of stars overhead, a lake of shimmering silver below, space, beauty, silence, and little Bill and I. It brings human atoms closer. It unlocks them.

That night, and in the delightful camaraderie that followed, the eagerness of little Bill to cultivate his “Dad” put to shame my previous denials. I was amazed at the keen insight, the flashes of maturity in his observations, pleased with the intelligence of his curiosities.

I trod as an explorer in new and wonderful soil. Sacredly, for in this soil was growing human life, with mine the privilege to garden. Long after little Bill, dog tired but happy, lay sleeping on his cot those two nights together, I would lie wide-eyed in mine, pondering. As close to me as flesh and blood was a happiness I heretofore had ignored for values that were as trash in comparison.

I, called “successful” in business, fell asleep humbled by my stupidity.

**S**O BILL and I are starting to grow up together. When I am tempted to betray Bill—“Don’t bother me now,” “Can’t you see I’m too busy?” “Run along now, I’ll attend to that later”—to give him a dose of my own bad liver, to discipline harshly instead of with gentle firmness, to drive instead of guide, I see my older boy’s face in Bill’s.

I *want* Bill to come to me first thing after school, face alight with his day’s boyish news. I *want* him to ask me out to see his new pair of White Kings, the bridle he got on a swap, the work he has done on the lawn. I *want* him to show me his high-school themes and court my opinion. And I *want* him to say, “Meet ‘Dad,’” proudly to his boy friends.

For my investment in Bill is returning me as much as it ever will him. It is declaring dividends of a new-found happiness and compensating for a guilty, lonely ache.

# The ROTARIAN

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THE Objects of Rotary are to encourage and foster the ideal of service as a basis of worthy enterprise and, in particular, to encourage and foster:

- (1) The development of acquaintance as an opportunity for service.
- (2) High ethical standards in business and professions, the recognition of the worthiness of all useful occupations, and the dignifying by each Rotarian of his occupation as an opportunity to serve society.
- (3) The application of the ideal of service by every Rotarian to his personal, business, and community life.
- (4) The advancement of international understanding, goodwill, and peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the ideal of service.

## Editorial Comment

### Men Who Plan Now

IT IS strange. But it happens so often that it must be a response to something basic in human nature. In so-called hard times, when many businessmen forlornly complain that "there is no business," other businessmen contrive to find business; and, what is perhaps still more astonishing, new enterprises put down roots, get a healthy start, make sturdy beginnings of vigorous growth.

Is it that these business "downs" have special purposes which many of us, blinded by easy success in more prosperous periods, fail to see and use?

The late Edward A. Filene, a merchant of Boston, Massachusetts, whose thinking was never bounded by national borders, once said: "I have noticed that business success tends to breed business failure. Success often makes men contented; lessens incentive. It is when people are not doing very well with what they already have, that they are most willing to listen to and try out new ideas that may save them."

A certain chewing-gum manufacturer, a great believer in advertising, undertook one of his most impressive advertising campaigns during a time of severe business stringency. His competitors were cutting down, or cutting out, their advertising. He *doubled* his appropriation. He reasoned that with fewer advertisements seeking reader attention, his own aggressive copy would attract all the more notice; and it worked out exactly that way.

Great industrial improvements have been made, or initiated, in periods far from prosperous. Charles E. Duryea, first to build a successful gasoline automobile in the United States, began his first car in 1891, was building his fifth in 1894; and between those two years the country was passing through one of the worst panics ever known. The basic work on the first successful telephone was done by Alexander Graham Bell in the early '70s, when the United States was rocked by the post-Civil War panic. Instances of this kind, great or small, could be multiplied almost endlessly, but more to the point would be the personal parallel many a reader may draw

as he recalls times when he was so hard put to it that, to survive, he had to do strenuous new thinking and make drastic revisions of unprofitable habits—which revealed hitherto untapped potentialities that proved his salvation . . . and more.

Men who plan constructively now, may find that these so-called troubled times, viewed in the light of what they can do *for* us instead of what they appear to be doing *to* us, will yield magic returns.

### Two Great Weeks Ahead

RESTRAINT, always a desirable mood in editorial columns, sometimes isn't easy to achieve. It's difficult when the item under appraisal is a Rotary Convention.

The spectacle, the sport, the social import, and the inspiration of the great annual Rotary reunion can easily and understandably provoke a literary rash.

When one notes, for instance, that thousands of men from 50 nations have already announced that they will meet at Conventionville in San Francisco, California, June 19, and when one scans the brisk and varied program as Convention Chairman Card briefs it in this issue, the impulse is—but why say more? The event can't be described . . . not wholly. But it can be experienced.

Sharing attention with the Convention in the peak weeks of the Rotary year are the International Assembly and the International Institute, to be held at Del Monte, California, June 13 to 17. It is to the Institute that we would give special heed here, for it is but one year old, is still in an experimental but promising stage.

The Institute is, first of all, a forum for present and past officers of Rotary International who are not participants in the Assembly. This year it will review Rotary's past, study its present, and explore its future, and will ponder such questions as: *Is there anything about Rotary that is not acceptable everywhere? What is desirable and undesirable publicity for Rotary? How may Rotary Clubs succeed in securing younger men as members? What, if any, change should be made in the*



*method of electing the President of Rotary International?* On these and all other questions participants may speak "for the record" or "off the record," as they wish. They may endorse Rotary's program, they may criticize it, they may suggest alterations. The Institute will conduct no business . . . but its discussions may suggest legislation which when proposed and enacted may directly affect Rotary's future course.

Back in 1915, Rotary's Secretary, Chesley R. Perry, writing of the sixth annual Convention to be held in San Francisco that year, foresaw that it would be a "working" Convention. The same could be said of the Convention at hand, and of the Assembly and of the Institute. But each will allow of much time for good talk, informal talk, and for many hours of refreshing good fellowship.

## A Coat for an Old Friend

**N**O PAEAN, it seems, has ever been writ for a Rotary road sign. Yet one might well be . . . for this servant does good work, deserves some applause. To your Club it sends many an interesting visitor. Now knee deep in snow, now hobbled by ivy, it stands against the elements—if you've anchored it well—to let the passing world know that your city has a Rotary Club, that it meets on such-and-such a day. But you can't write paeans? Good! Then pick up a pail of paint, skim out to the crossroads, and give that stanch friend a new coat . . . which, after all, wears better than praise.

## Again, the Friendly Fray

**T**HE FIRST Club-of-the-Year Contest is history. But echoes of it continue to flood in . . . to indicate that the 1937-38 competition—which is well under way—may generate even more interest than the first.

"We are humbly proud and grateful for this decision," writes one winning Club. "We are encouraged hereby to strive even harder to be a good and creditable Club." Says another, "We shall again be represented in the contest for this year, and in more than one division. The contest undoubtedly should be a bigger incentive to Rotary Clubs to greatly improved service throughout the whole world." And still another writes, "We will be looking forward to the next contest and have an idea that we will be in top place in it."

The basic aim of the contest, which it is THE ROTARIAN's privilege to sponsor, is to draw out from their relative obscurity the often-thrilling stories behind Rotary Club projects—to give other Clubs suggestions and to help round out the whole Rotary picture.

This, it can be said, the first contest did. What the winning Clubs—large and small and from several nations—are doing to advance the Rotary ideal has had international notice (see *Announcing the Winners!* in your April ROTARIAN) which may have caused the mem-

bers of many a Club to say, "There's a project for us!"

Your Club President and Secretary have at hand all details of the new contest, which, like the first one, is open to all Rotary Clubs everywhere. Tangible evidence of first- and second-place winnings will be artistic, suitably engraved trophies . . . equally as attractive as those which nine Rotary Clubs in three nations are now hanging on the walls of their meeting rooms. The nine are, of course, the winners of 1936-37.

## Nothing Daunted

**R**OTARY gets a hold on men. It roots itself in their subconsciousness. It motivates their choices. It becomes, in fact, a habit. Attending Club luncheons—a manifestation of the habit—has become so natural a function for many Rotarians that to miss a meeting would for them be unthinkable, first; upsetting, second. Floods, deep snows, searing heat, illness—none of these seems enough to stay them. Of this stripe must have been the Rotarians about whom the following bit—from the bulletin of the Rotary Club of Hankow, China—was written:

It was unfortunate for our last meeting that an air raid was timed exactly at the tiffin hour, so that only 11 members and two guests turned up. We hear, however, that they got a good view of the affray, and returned to eat a welcome tiffin. Amongst the profuse apologies that have come to hand from absent members is one who did not like to trust the Club utensils. Every raid he goes into his basement and sticks his head into a bucket of water in order to keep cool. We understand that our usual absent members are overwhelmed at the success of their efforts. The speaker of the week . . . gave an impromptu reading of world Rotary news; and members said that the speech was distinctly audible in all parts of the room.

## Re-introducing—Dr. Pitkin

**W**ALTER B. PITKIN sold the world—or the elder half of it—the idea that *Life Begins at 40*. This he did in a book by that name.

But Dr. Pitkin doesn't deny that life before 40 is just as important and interesting and confusing? Certainly not! Witness, for one thing, the fact that two years ago he wrote a series of articles on *Careers for Youth* for this magazine . . . a series so much in demand that it went into booklet form and enjoyed so wide and heavy a circulation that it is out of print.

Dr. Pitkin is back again, your editors are happy to announce, this time in a series on *How to Get a Start in Life*. He wants your help, as you will note elsewhere in this issue, on such questions as: What young man of your acquaintance made the best start in life? How did he do it? What young man made the poorest start? Your answers will help him prepare a work which, to indulge in prophecy, ought to become a useful guide-book for young career seekers and ought to help many a puzzled youth find his bearings . . . and a job.

# Justice on the Job

By Frank Brock and Frederick Tisdale

**O**NE MORNING in 1922, William B. Norris, Baltimore, Maryland, building contractor, was set upon by a gang of thugs as he left his bank, shot down, and robbed of a \$7,000 pay roll. The gang escaped with the money and Norris died.

A loud voice in the ensuing outcry for justice was that of a leading criminal lawyer. A few days later a boy called on the State's attorney and offered an alibi in behalf of the suspected murderer. Cross examined, he tripped on details. Finally he blurted out that he had been rehearsed by the eminent criminal lawyer, that this lawyer had sheltered the guilty man in his home and aided his getaway. The killer was ultimately captured, the gang rounded up and sent to the penitentiary. The criminal lawyer was disbarred.

But this was one crime Baltimore could not forget. Indignation was held at white heat by subsequent investigations which uncovered a shameless alliance of criminal lawyers, court and police officers, bail bondsmen, and others. Crooks who "played ball" with this organization could count on it to cushion the hazards of their profession.

Businessmen determined to clean up this intolerable condition. A committee of the Board of Trade recommended a permanent agency to "promote intelligent and efficient administration of criminal justice." Baltimore's Criminal Justice Commission was the result.

In the 15 years of its existence this Commission has effected an extraordinary change in Baltimore's crime picture. In 1923, when it began its work, there was one chance in six that a criminal would be caught and punished. Now the odds are 50-50. Formerly criminal-court dockets were clogged with untried cases; now they are clear. Ninety out of every 100 cases are indicted, tried, and disposed of within three weeks of the arrest.

As a result of this prodding of justice, between 1924 and 1937 reported burglaries fell from 2,521 to 2,252; embezzlements, 106 to 70; larcenies of \$50 and over, 1,739 to 825; manslaughter, 37 to 15.

How was this startling change brought about? The fight was led by a prominent banker, the late Waldo Newcomer, backed by other outstanding business and professional men. The first year's

cost for the Commission was about \$25,000. To start this fund, the city's banks contributed a certain percentage of their capital and surplus. Baltimore's big insurance and bonding companies, which stood to incur heavy losses from crime, found it good business as well as good citizenship to support the Commission. And other businesses, organizations, and individuals hastened to con-

which could not conceivably be prosecuted successfully. The Commission abolished the fee system; a constitutional amendment allowed the inauguration of a modern budget system, and flimsy indictments are discouraged. As a result, in 1937, 87 percent of criminal-court trials resulted in convictions.

The haphazard operation of probation was attacked, and specially qualified appointees inspect all cases, before and after probationary release.

Another campaign cleaned out crooked bail bondsmen who encouraged the disappearance of suspects. Stringent new rules prevented the overloading of properties with more bonds than values justified. When bonded criminals decamped, the bondsman was held grimly to account. Thus at a period when Baltimore had only nine uncollected forfeitures totalling \$9,750, St. Louis, Missouri, a city of comparable size, had 93, amounting to \$141,650.

The actual work of the Baltimore Criminal Justice Commission is done in



Illustration  
by Ray Inman

tribute to the drive. It is now a member of the Community Fund, from which it derives its income.

One of the Commission's first acts was a rigorous cleanup of the police force. Then came an investigation of the State's attorney's office, where was found a system in effect by which the prosecutor and his assistants were paid on a fee basis, receiving a stipulated sum for each indictment voted. This encouraged the voting of a large number of indictments

two modest offices in the Association of Commerce building by a surprisingly small staff. James M. Hepbron, internationally known criminologist, is managing director, and the fact that the Commission is privately financed keeps it clear of political influence. Baltimore's courts, police, and prosecutors cooperate enthusiastically, proud of the city's improved record. Annually the Commission makes a special study: the parole system, juvenile delinquency, penalties for drunken

driving. And officials welcome these analyses as guides for conduct.

The device which has enabled Baltimore to effect this striking betterment of its crime record originated in Chicago in 1919. The wanton murder of two express messengers during a holdup led to an investigation by the Association of Commerce. Its report so shocked the community that the Chicago Crime Commission was organized. Today, under the management of Henry Barrett Chamberlin, a former newspaper editor, Chicago's Commission has complete records of all persons indicted within the past 18 years.

A similar organization came into being in Cleveland in 1921, after a monumental study by Raymond Moley had dramatized the old story of inadequate police protection, incompetence, bail-bond abuses, politico-criminal alliances. Eleven civic associations now back the Cleveland Crime Commission in its frontal attack on these conditions.

New York City also has formed a Citizens Committee on Control of Crime, and has raised the sum of \$105,000 to aid a crime study by Harry F. Guggenheim, president of the Committee. The immediate concern of this organization is cooperation with the prosecutors who are cleaning up the racket situation, but it also aims to make the public crime-

Several States also have privately financed crime commissions, including New York, Illinois, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Minnesota, Massachusetts, Missouri, Nebraska, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey. Washington, D. C., recently organized a crime commission which is being advised by the staff of the Baltimore Criminal Justice Commission. A list of other cities with commissions in varying stages of development includes Philadelphia; Los Angeles; Kansas City, Missouri; Memphis, Tennessee; and Evanston, Illinois. The National Crime Commission hopes to synchronize the work of all other groups and act as a clearinghouse for information.

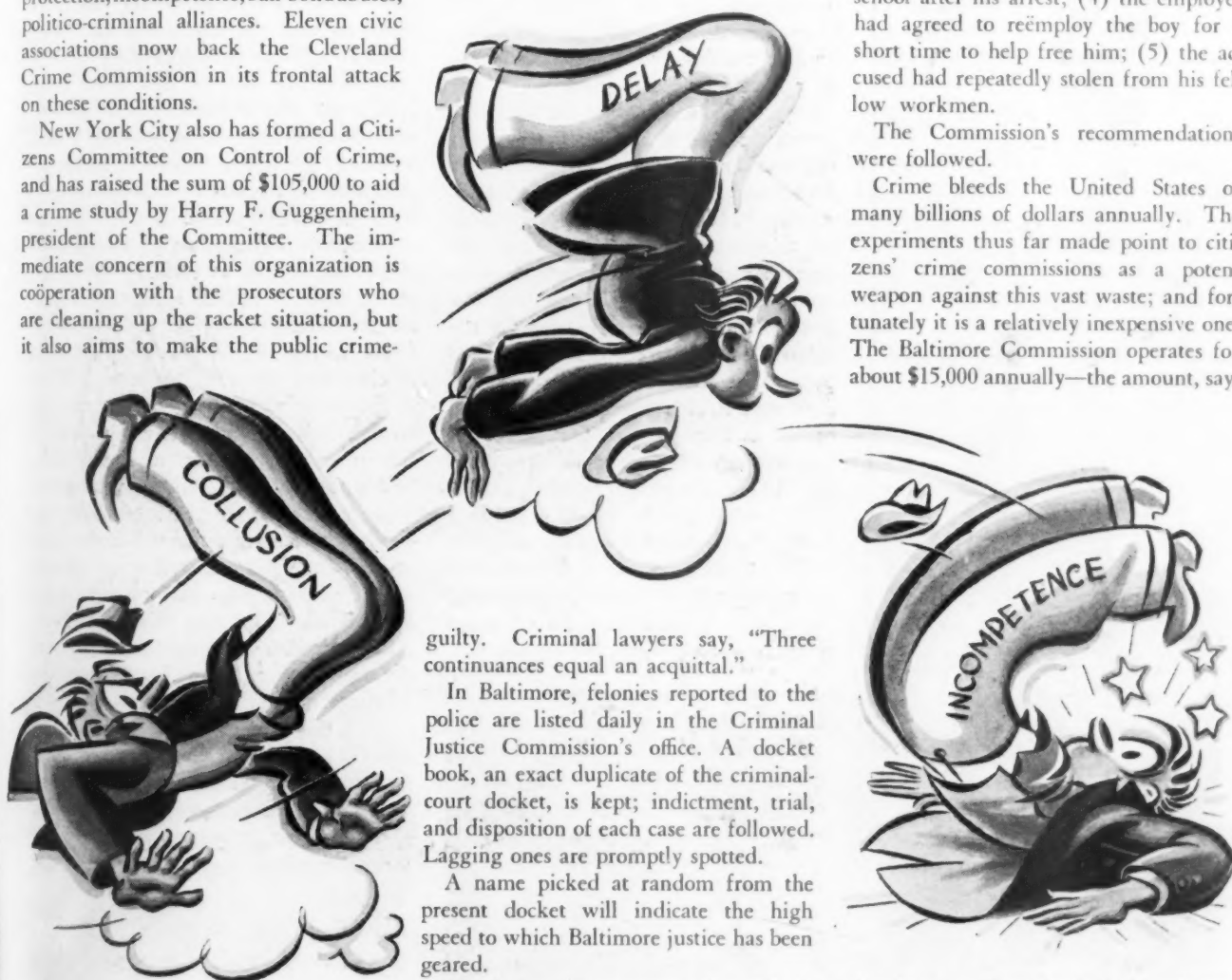
Perhaps the most important function of an alert crime commission is "case watching." The law's delays aid the

is finally disposed of either at the expiration of his sentence in prison or through successful parole.

A second case illustrates the thoroughness of the Baltimore Commission's investigative methods. A grown boy had been arrested for a series of burglaries and confessed. Heart-wrenching appeals for clemency were made. The boy was represented as the sole support of his widowed mother, as a Sunday-school attendant, as a conscientious mechanic whose employer would forgive and re-hire. A court officer was inclined to consider the Commission's recommendations in the case too hard-boiled; but investigation disclosed that: (1) the mother had several other children working; (2) she must have known about the burglaries; (3) the boy started to attend Sunday school after his arrest; (4) the employer had agreed to reemploy the boy for a short time to help free him; (5) the accused had repeatedly stolen from his fellow workmen.

The Commission's recommendations were followed.

Crime bleeds the United States of many billions of dollars annually. The experiments thus far made point to citizens' crime commissions as a potent weapon against this vast waste; and fortunately it is a relatively inexpensive one. The Baltimore Commission operates for about \$15,000 annually—the amount, say,



guilty. Criminal lawyers say, "Three continuances equal an acquittal."

In Baltimore, felonies reported to the police are listed daily in the Criminal Justice Commission's office. A docket book, an exact duplicate of the criminal-court docket, is kept; indictment, trial, and disposition of each case are followed. Lagging ones are promptly spotted.

A name picked at random from the present docket will indicate the high speed to which Baltimore justice has been geared.

Joseph Annello was arrested on March 29, 1937, charged with 12 counts of burglary. His case went to the grand jury on March 30, he was indicted on April 2, he pleaded guilty on April 9, was sentenced to three years, and left for the penitentiary the same day. And when Joseph Annello becomes eligible for parole, the Criminal Justice Commission will carry his record on until his case

of only a medium-sized bank robbery.

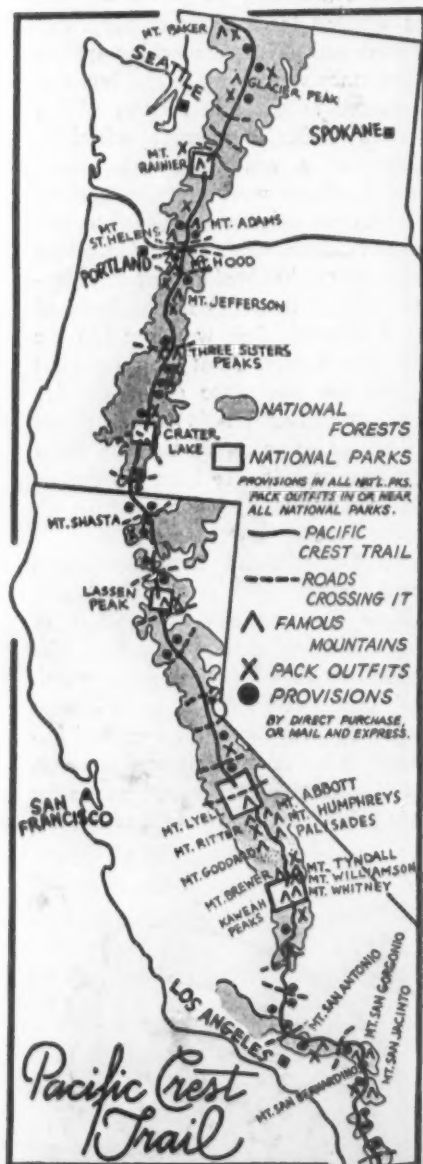
But harassed communities seeking to adopt this device should mark one warning of veterans in the technique: once a crime commission is founded, some dominant individual or organization must continue an active interest in it. Otherwise, following the hurrah of organization, association anemia sets in and systematized thuggery returns.

conscious. Mr. Guggenheim bombards the indifferent with shocking statistics, pointing out that there are 3 million convicted criminals in the United States; that 150,000 murderers are at large; that, at the present crime rate, 200,000 of the present generation are fated to commit murder and 300,000 to be killed by murderers.



# Knapsacking—Canada to Mexico

*On a New Trail Youth Is Blazing . . . By Robert O. Foote*



**C**LINTON CHURCHILL CLARKE is a veteran California mountain climber. He devoutly believes that the road to health often is the trail that leads above the timberline. And he has noticed that boys who follow it usually become good citizens.

Into the Rotary Club of Pasadena he carried his ideas when he became a member. He discussed them over the luncheon table, was more gratified than surprised to discover that many a fellow Rotarian agreed with him . . . agreed, furthermore, that the Pasadena Rotary Club could do a unique service for local boys by making mountaineering a distinct Youth Service activity.

Boys of Pasadena liked the idea—for scratch the skin of any American youth and you have a Daniel Boone! The project caught on quickly and developed steadily. Today a 2,300-mile trail winds atop ridges and under summits of the Cascade and Sierra Nevada mountains from the Canadian to the Mexican border. It is a standing invitation for the red-blooded to explore almost untouched portions of the West. He can spend days, weeks, even months on this trail, hardly sniffing gasoline the while. If he would cover it thoroughly, he couldn't do it in a single season, as much of it is so high that snow doesn't permit passage during the Summer months.

The Pacific Crest Trail, as it now is known, is rich in historical associations, for it joins up such famous old routes as the John Muir Trail, the Oregon Sky-

line Trail, and many another of local significance. The Federal Government, through the Civilian Conservation Corps and other agencies, and the States of Washington, Oregon, and California have coöperated in the movement, supplying numerous links in the system.

But back of the whole project is the Pacific Crest Trail System Conference, of which Mr. Clarke is president. It not only rallied support for the Pacific Crest Trail, but also has developed a boys' mountain-climbing organization that has won the support of more than a score of Rotary Clubs up and down the West Coast as a Youth Service activity.

It fits neatly into the Boy Scout program, and the Y.M.C.A. and several educational institutions have taken it up. Y.M.C.A. groups, for instance, last year completed a backpacking relay-team trip from Mexico to Canada. Their log tells of strenuous days, pleasant camps, and humorous as well as thrilling incidents of the trip. It records accurate surveys of the country traversed, its flora and fauna; its beauties are photographed and its elevations measured.

Such a trip, to any boy, is reward enough in itself. Still and all, he would like to have something to show what he has accomplished. There is where the vision of the Pasadena mountain enthusiast came in. He suggested to the Pasadena Rotary Club that it offer medals for accomplishments along the Pacific Crest Trail. The plan was enthusiastically adopted and first medals were given out last January at a big "Mountain Meeting" of the Club.

With this start in his home town, Mr. Clarke has carried the plan to other Rotary Clubs. This Summer scores of them in California and elsewhere will be giving out medals to local youths for the sort of activity a boy can see some sense in doing.

These are not easy awards to win.



Map: Courtesy, Sunset Magazine; photo: (above) Dwight Watson

*Down through the spikelike firs of the Cascades threads the adventure trail—mapped in a Rotarian's mind—and thence into the Sierra Nevadas.*



Photo: [unclear]

Many a lad, having climbed one peak, thinks he is a mountaineer. But he isn't one, in the Pacific Crest sense, until he has climbed all the 24 most famous peaks touched by the Trail. Then he will receive a Mountaineer's Gold Medal from his home-town Rotary Club. But he is eligible for a silver medal for the ascent of 17 of the designated peaks and a bronze medal for climbing ten.

Then there are classes of "explorers" and "knapsackers." In the explorers' division, the gold medal goes for having traversed 1,200 miles of the Pacific Crest Trail System, the silver medal for 800 miles, and the bronze medal for 500 miles.

In the knapsackers' division, the hiker who backpacks with complete equipment and commissary in one unaided trip for 200 miles is eligible for the gold medal, the silver medal for 150 miles, and the bronze medal for 100 miles.

**T**YPICAL of knapsacking along the Pacific Crest Trail is the trip made last Summer by four students of Pasadena Junior College, which wholeheartedly adopted the explorers' project under Rotary sponsorship.

As a college activity that brings them scholastic credit in science, these boys made a hike of 28 days along the backbone of the Sierra Nevada range, covering 155 miles on the Pacific Crest Trail and 65 miles more walking into it and out from it. They lived the entire time on what they carried on their backs, supplemented by fish and game. They mapped country never before surveyed and named two peaks which never previously have been officially recorded as being explored by white men.

These boys—Max Eckenburg, William

Roberts, Robert Rumohr, and John Wiggenhorn—were the first recipients of the first Knapsackers' Gold Medals ever given by Pasadena Rotarians in this novel contest. This Summer, they hope to go back again and expect eventually to acquire the Mountaineers' Gold Medals by climbing all 24 of the required peaks.

With 60-pound packs on their backs, the boys entered the Sierra Nevadas by way of Cottonwood Creek, from its eastern side near Mt. Whitney (highest point in the United States) and hiked northward through the country dominated by the Palisades Peaks and containing the Palisades Glacier, one of the few left in this country. They climbed ten peaks, yet averaged about 14 miles a day in travel, which is exceptionally good going, as 12 miles a day in backpacking is regarded as excellent speed.

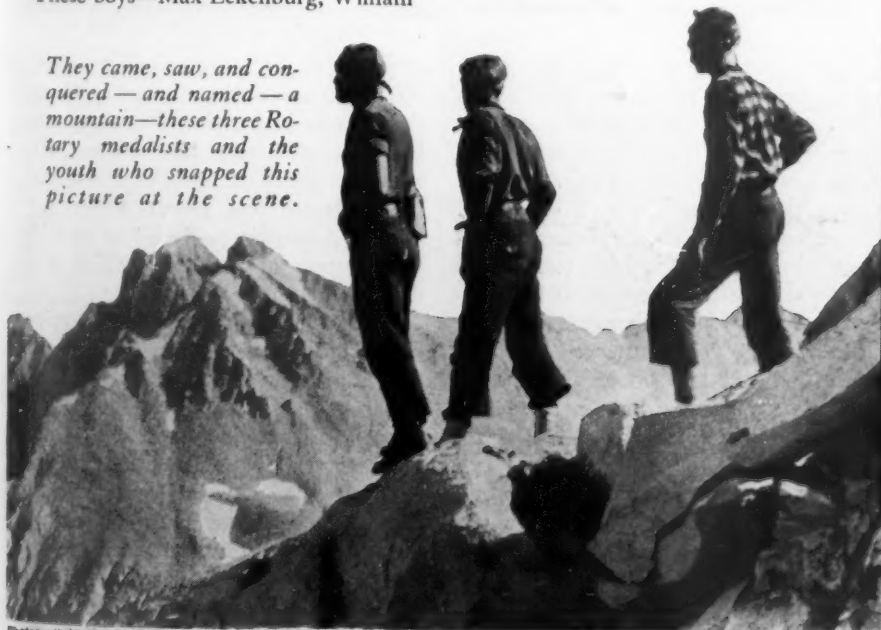
Adventure-minded Rotarians bound for the Convention at San Francisco, June 19-24, poring over the *very latest* maps may come across Mt. Eckenhorn. It is one of the peaks which, so far as is known, had never been scaled until young Eckenburg, Roberts, Rumohr, and Wiggenhorn worked their way up its precipitous side. The name they gave it was made up of letters and syllables of their own names. The United States Government stamped it with official approval and maps henceforth will attest the fact.

Having your name commemorated by a mountain 13,445 feet high is an honor by any man's calculation. But it may come to more hardy western youths. Men may have started the Pacific Crest Trail project . . . but hundreds of youngsters already are dreaming dreams that will project it far, far into the future.



*Toting a 60-pound pack (top)  
... groping up sheer walls ...  
all in a day on a mountain.*

*They came, saw, and conquered—and named—a mountain—these three Rotary medalists and the youth who snapped this picture at the scene.*



*Photos: (top) W. L. Rogers; (above and right) Robert Rumohr*

# Rotary and Spain

By Mariano Font

*Rotary Club of Paris, France*

**A**S THINGS GO on in the world today, Rotary is worthy of esteem more for what it fails to do than for what it does; more for its restraint and composure than for its action and fervor.

Does this mean that Rotary's attitude is exclusively one of cautious reserve and that the movement's entire merit lies in remaining impartial when on every hand it is being pressed to take sides? No, indeed! Rotary *does* act and acts effectively—yet ever within that unique sphere of human relations to which it has assigned itself.

Chance has willed that I should be one of the Rotarians who, at this moment, are in a better position than others to realize these facts. I shall explain that in what follows.

Spain, my native country, was the first nation in Continental Europe to feel the Rotary movement. When Rotary was still unknown to all other countries in this part of the world (save Britain and Ireland), a group of Spaniards was founding a Rotary Club in Madrid (1920). Within a few years not a single important city in the land remained without a Rotary Club, which institution offered a new outlet for the old, traditional Spanish chivalry.

But in July, 1936, the civil war broke out in Spain, a miniature reflection of the great discord latent in Europe. Watching matters from the Paris Rotary Club, of which I am a charter member, and from my office, I became aware at once of the intense storm hovering over many of our colleagues in Spain.

Day after day, during the first few months of the strife, I witnessed the arrival in France of men I had known in Madrid, in Barcelona, in Bilbao, in Valencia, in nearly all the Spanish Rotary Clubs I had visited during my travels, or men I had met at Conferences and Conventions. Many of them had endured frightful experiences before their departure from *la patria*. All these men had been well situated, of the highest repute in their professions, capable of meeting serious responsibilities in commerce or in industry, men who enjoyed the general esteem and respect of their communities.

Why did men who so truly love their

country and were so truly representative of it feel compelled to flee from it? It was enough for us to know that those men (who held the most diverse opinions, but who had not for an instant been unworthy of the name of Rotarians) were landing in France exhausted, without means, ruined in both morale and materials. Some were difficult to recognize. Not only were they suffering from these unhappy circumstances in which they had had to abandon their homes and occupations, but likewise were they feeling a sort of shame to find themselves in a strange land, converted into victims of a tragedy which to them still seemed incredible, out of place in our times. As if the present era had not brought us other examples of cruelty and intolerance!

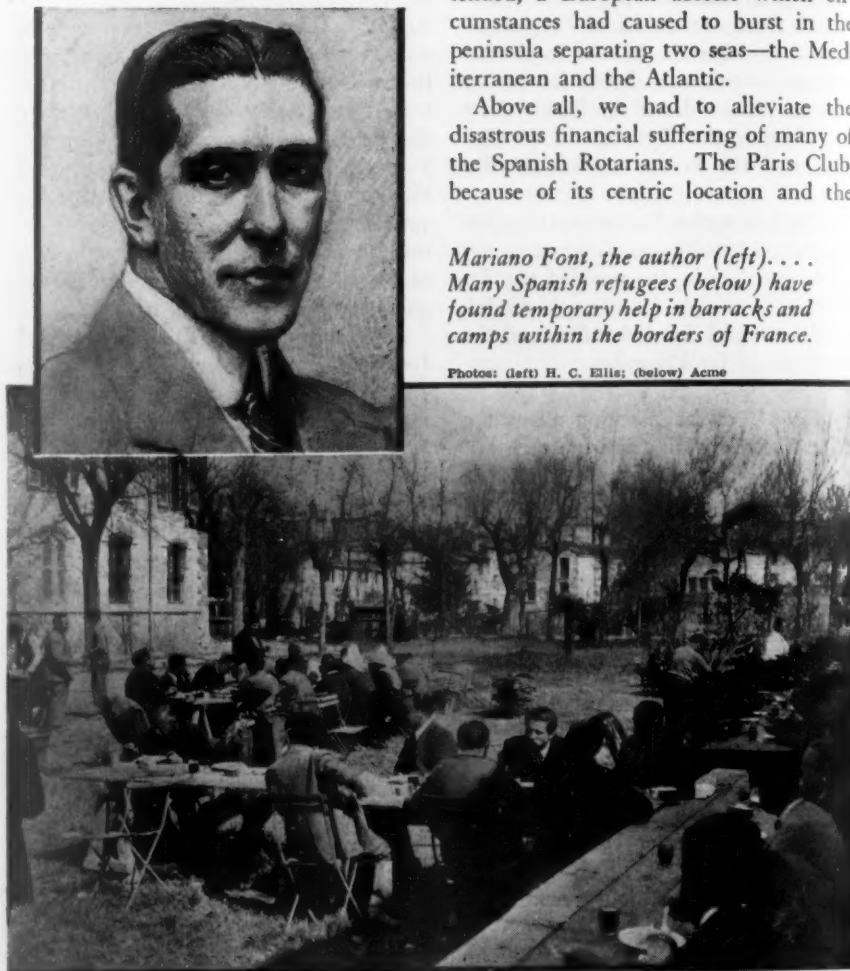
So we set about to help these men, to

revive their spirits. We saw that we had to destroy the feeling of inferiority that the brutal conflict had produced in them. This we tried to do by pointing out that the misfortune befalling poor Spain was not, as they supposed, something to be blamed specifically upon their race, which is doubtlessly passionate, yet noble by nature. But rather was it, we contended, a European abscess which circumstances had caused to burst in the peninsula separating two seas—the Mediterranean and the Atlantic.

Above all, we had to alleviate the disastrous financial suffering of many of the Spanish Rotarians. The Paris Club, because of its centric location and the

*Mariano Font, the author (left). . . . Many Spanish refugees (below) have found temporary help in barracks and camps within the borders of France.*

Photos: (left) H. C. Ellis; (below) Acme



diversity of its international relations, was the first to realize this need. Under the auspices of Maurice Duperrey, now President of Rotary International, Rotarians of the 49th, 90th, and 91st Districts (France and North Africa) organized a subscription based on an individual quota of 20 francs, which produced a fund of 40,000 francs.

It was not long before other countries, including those of the Americas, despite the distance involved, felt stirred. The General Secretary of Rotary International, who was so vividly impressed by messages sent in by some of the Spanish Rotarians who were helplessly witnessing the adversities of many of their colleagues, resolved to make a personal appeal to the District Governors of all the Districts in the world for the creation of a "Rotary Fund to Aid the Rotarian



Refugees from Spain." At his urgent request I accepted the management of the Fund.

To date the appeal has been answered by 49 Clubs in 17 nations and by a number of individual Rotarians. The total of their contributions is 150,000 francs.

This sum, when measured against the number of Rotarians who had to leave Spain, some of them accompanied by their families, does not seem extraordinary. And it really is not. However, I have the satisfaction of being able to assure all those who have contributed to the Rotary Fund that by means of it, through honor loans, we have been able to solve anguishing problems which could not have been remedied otherwise.

Not only were we able to make certain that not even one of our colleagues should suffer starvation or lack of a roof,

proved to be as staunch during misfortune as they were in times of prosperity. The majority of those who left Spain during the first few months of the war, were able, thanks to business and family connections, to keep afloat and to attend, though modestly, to their own support. Of those who arrived in France without money, without welcoming relatives, and even without baggage, not one asked for more than was absolutely indispensable—such "indispensability" being calculated with authentic Iberian frugality.

There have also been those who, though aware of the Fund and its honor loans, have refused to ask for anything personally. Extreme delicacy or a punctiliousness characteristic of our race prevented it. It is so difficult for a man who has never depended on anyone, who has worked fruitfully all his life, to reconcile himself to a hand-to-mouth exist-

ence! Old friends have found it necessary to grab some of those quaint descendants of Don Quixote by the arm and bring them to my office practically by force.

Notwithstanding the valuable counsel the administration of this Fund received from several Past Governors and Past Club Presidents from the 60th District (Spain), its path could have been rather thorny. But I must state that it has not caused me the least personal annoyance, and that the only problem I have faced has been that of watching the war and its consequent evils lengthening out while the funds for assistance shrank.

Gestures of solidarity and sympathy aroused by this sort of calamity are likely to be more intense than lasting, it needs to be recognized. It might be said that at first the novelty of the affair, abundantly publicized by the press, makes the road to the heart more easily accessible. Later, as the drama prolongs itself, a sort of fatigue ensues, curiosity declines, sensibility is dulled. And then—it is inevitable—gestures of impatience follow. "The Spanish civil war still? Miserable conflict!" And the page is turned in search of a new thrill.

Yet, if we succeed in making our insatiable thirst for fads give way to serious

*A refugee ship (left) upon arrival at Southampton, England, with its cargo of 4,000 children from Bilbao, Spain . . . Within the Republic of Spain when war broke out in 1936 were 29 Rotary Clubs, 769 members.*

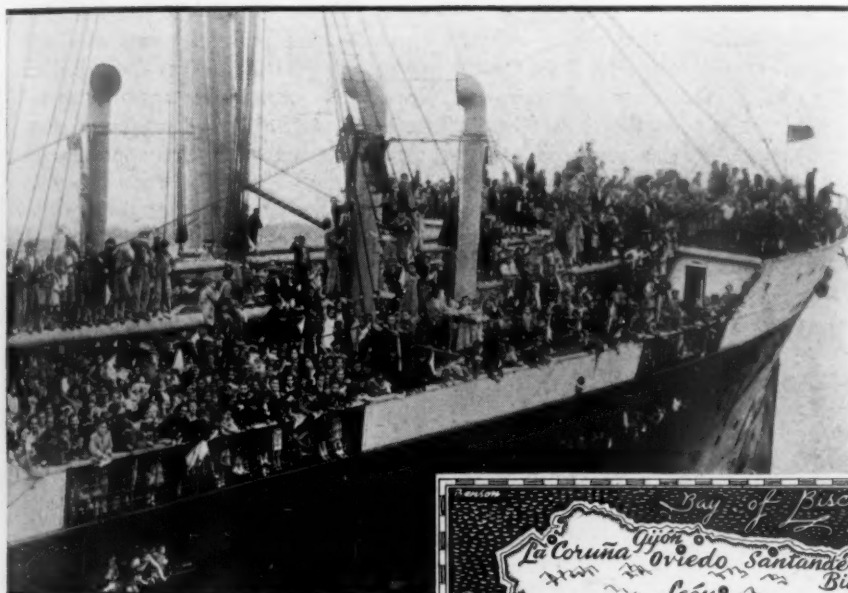


Photo: (above) Acme; map (right) Ben Albert Benson

but also we could offer some of them financial assistance which renewed their self-confidence and enabled them to make use once more of their talents, and for others it made possible long trips in search of new ventures. A few have found in a small monthly allowance, which is never above 2,000 francs, the means to bear exile and to avoid decisions unworthy of their rank or of their history.

I need not be more explicit. The most elementary discretion forbids my converting these brief sketches of others' misfortunes into vividly dramatic episodes. Let it be known, however, that the drama does exist.

How is it that with so small a fund we have been able to answer all worthy appeals? It is very simple. The Rotary qualities of our Spanish friends have



reflection, we shall soon realize that the prolonging of such conflicts requires an increase of our interest and generosity. The longer the duration of war, the greater its ravages. A bleeding wound if stanching in time leaves a clear, free scar; if left to flow, it becomes irritated. The resources of the Rotarian refugees which would, after a brief collapse, have been restored once more to their relative abundance, are today, after so many months, very nearly exhausted.

The war in Spain has been going on for 22 months. Will it be over tomorrow? Will it end within a month or two? Will it drag on for another year? It is not my mission to make prophecies. The one certain thing at this second of writing is that the war is not over nor gives sign of an immediate end, and that as for Rotary generosity in alleviating distress, the hour of its discharge is quite distant. It is evident that the grave effects of the war and the revolution will prolong themselves far beyond the longed-for armistice.

Although one can expect everything from the marvellous Spanish vitality, convalescence will in many respects no doubt be laborious.

It is therefore certain that for some time yet it will be desirable for the Fund to continue dispensing its honor loans to

Spanish Rotarian refugees whose numbers after the war will become fewer day by day.

And now the trend of my thoughts brings to memory an objection I once heard voiced against the existence, or at least against the persistence, of the Fund. It was this: There being in Spain two territories and two parties, two tendencies and two governments, it is incomprehensible that a group of Spaniards should continue to reside abroad. Those who entertain one set of ideas must needs go to one side, and those having opposite opinions ought to depart for the other side.

**V**ERY well. On the majority of the Spaniards, Rotarians or otherwise, who fled Spain during the first months of the war, this thinking has had its effect, and some have crossed back over the border through the Catalonian Pyrenees while the others have done so through the Basque territory. Both groups have ceased to be refugees, and if they have had to face problems, which they undoubtedly must have, they have found a way to solve them within the strictly national spheres.

But let us see. Does it behoove Rotarians to formulate, through facts or through words, a doctrine which pro-

motes division of the world into two opposing factions? Have we the right to decide that the man who does not feel safe in one zone should by force find moral satisfaction and physical guaranty in the other?

I shall guard well against judging this dispute. I shall be content with putting it before you. Each one is free to amplify and analyze its aspects. Looking at the matter realistically, humanly, and without giving it shadings of specific political color, I have concluded, as have various Past District Governors and Past Presidents of Spanish Clubs, that for some of our colleagues residence abroad is imperative while the struggle continues. It is a fact—I repeat—that in life there are conflicts which cannot be reduced to a simple alternative, and shadings which cannot be expressed by a single stroke of the brush.

It is a fact that in a conflict between men of the same race who just yesterday lived together peacefully and who will eventually find themselves compelled to create new formulas for again living together, there are bound to appear complex situations, clashes of apprehension and of duty. These do not merit the censure of observers. Rather they ought, perhaps, to appear to them like seeds of better times.

An example will help to clarify at least one aspect of this delicate problem. There have been and there still are Spaniards who, after escaping from the dangers threatening them in one zone and ardently desiring to go into the other, restrain themselves from so doing in order not to impair the situation of their relatives who might not be able to accompany them and who would therefore be exposed to reprisals or, at least, annoyances.

My personal experience in the administration of the Fund has shown me that at times, by an individual effort practically imperceptible, we Rotarians can do much to alleviate the situation of our fellows who may be crushed by misfortune. Doubtless this sort of mutual aid does not figure in the program of Rotary, nor would it be wise to have it figure there; but on specific occasions, in times of catastrophe which, like the Spanish war, seem to jeopardize the essence of our civilization, a gesture of generosity does not contradict any of our Rotary mottoes—on the contrary, it illumines them with a sparkle of sympathy.

*Other lands have opened their doors to thousands of Spain's refugee children, and are providing teachers so they may continue their schooling.*



# Sing, You Rotarians!

**By Sigmund Spaeth**

*Musician and Author*



*In 1905, Harry L. Ruggles, printer, gave Rotary singing its start in Rotary's No. 1 Club, Chicago. Here he is, still active, leading fellow Chicago Rotarians at a recent gathering.*

Photo: Harvey W. Framberg

**T**HE trouble with art today, you hear some critics say, is that the mass merely looks at it or listens to it and doesn't "participate" in it—that, as in modern sports, the crowd takes part only by proxy.

But to that trend, whatever you think of it, Rotary Clubs do not contribute. Rather, they help block it. How? By singing!

But Rotary Club singing isn't art, you protest. If you want to be very precise about the matter, perhaps it isn't, but it is if you believe that "Art is the expression of that which eludes language."

For when Tom the butcher, Dick the baker, and Harry the candlestick maker—indispensable threesome that they are—glorify *Sweet Genevieve* and stretch each fiber of their esthetic beings and larynges to that end, are they not trying to say something about all the world's sweet Genevieves, something well nigh impossible to cast in words?

Well, the songs have words, you an-

swer. So they have, but few Rotarians seem to sing songs for their words. If skeptical, listen surreptitiously to your neighbor at your next Rotary luncheon. He will probably be carrying the tune boldly and well, but his words—he could as well be singing his semiannual report to the board of directors.

Probably I don't have to convince you that Rotary singing is an art. We'll not quarrel about words, however, for I'm sure we agree that whatever it may be, it is—or can be—fun. And here I would bear testimony that when that Chicago printer, Harry L. Ruggles, got Rotary Club No. 1 to singing, away back in 1905, he put in his debt everybody who enjoys community singing. For it was Rotary singing that gave the impetus to the vogue for community singing which started in pre-War days and still is running strong.

My own long interest in Rotary Club singing rose several degrees not long ago when I judged a singing contest among Rotary Clubs of Westchester County, New York, held after a joint dinner in

White Plains. As its first number, each Club had to sing a contest song, selected and rehearsed by all in advance. But each was also permitted to present a number of its own choice and here the accent was on showmanship and novelty.

One of the small Clubs won, and upon its quality and finish of performance in the first number and imagination and originality in the optional number hung the decision.

The whole affair was an outstanding success, emphasizing once more the well-worn adage that "A singing Rotary Club is a good Rotary Club." The idea of such a contest I heartily recommend to communities where a number of Rotary Clubs are in easy reach of each other.

From such experiences and through many contacts with individual Rotary Clubs, I have formed certain ideas about club singing in general and Rotary Club singing in particular. My first and obvious remark is that no Rotary meeting ought to pass without some singing.

Now and then I find a Rotary Club where luncheon singing has almost been



discontinued or where one verse of the national anthem must suffice. "Er, haw, well, we represent the older, solid businessmen of the community," the apology runs, "and we don't need any artificial stimulus to good fellowship. Let the younger fellows in the other Clubs do the singing." I contend that age, dignity, or small numbers have nothing to do with the matter. The only real problems are: when to sing, what to sing, and under whose direction to sing. And each of these can easily be solved by any Rotary Club worthy of the name.

Look at the "when" aspect for a moment. General singing seems to go best just before the speaker is introduced. If the program runs long, the singing can take place while the meal is being served. This, however, is *not* recommended as a practice, but it is much better than no singing at all. A good lusty let's-get-together-fellows sort of song can make the clatter of dishes sound like the tinkle of glass chimes in a Spring zephyr. It is risky to try a song at the close of the program, although a few Clubs do it successfully.

Picking a leader is important. Personality, not necessarily musical talent or education, ought to be the basis of choice.

I'm thinking of a certain Rotary song leader I know. When he steps up to lead a song, he seems to imagine that he's directing the chorus of a musical show, as he once did on Broadway. If the singing is ragged, he claws his scalp, snarls, and then in a hurt voice implores the men, "Come on now, fellows—you can do better than that. That was awful!"

Sometimes he rankles them with "Why, I can make more noise alone than all of you put together." That, the Club knows, is only too true, and it is disposed to offer him little competition.

**U**NLESS your Club has one undeniably well-suited song leader, pass the job around among as many members as possible. A spirit of friendly rivalry may even develop and a variety of tastes in the selection of material will result.

There is no mysterious formula of successful song leading. Most men like to sing, as is invariably proved when you remove their inhibitions, and no pleading or browbeating should be necessary.

Perhaps even more important than a song leader is a good pianist. Unless the Club has one in its membership, it will pay to engage a professional, who can also supply musical background for the consuming of the soup and the roar of conversation.

The accompanist should be able to play by ear or note anything that is likely to

be required, and should also know what keys are practical, even to the extent of transposing some of the printed music. There is a tendency to pitch some songs too high for male comfort, particularly *America* and *The Star-Spangled Banner*. The former is best in F and the latter may be sung as low as A-Flat.

Some directors like to try musical tricks, which is all right if they know their business. Generally the time is too short to allow for many specialties, however, and it is more important to keep the whole crowd singing as consistently as possible.

The first things to seek in Club singing ought to be volume, enthusiasm, and agreement in pitch. But for variety there can be some harmonizing, even if it is no more than a stray tenor or bass part inserted by ear. If a Club has some good voices that blend well in harmonies, the leader will probably discover them. There is nothing finer in Club singing than an occasional unaccompanied chorus in four-part harmony, aiming at quality rather than quantity and approaching actual glee-club standards. Such an effect is worth much hard work, and may be achieved by a little intensive and private rehearsing.

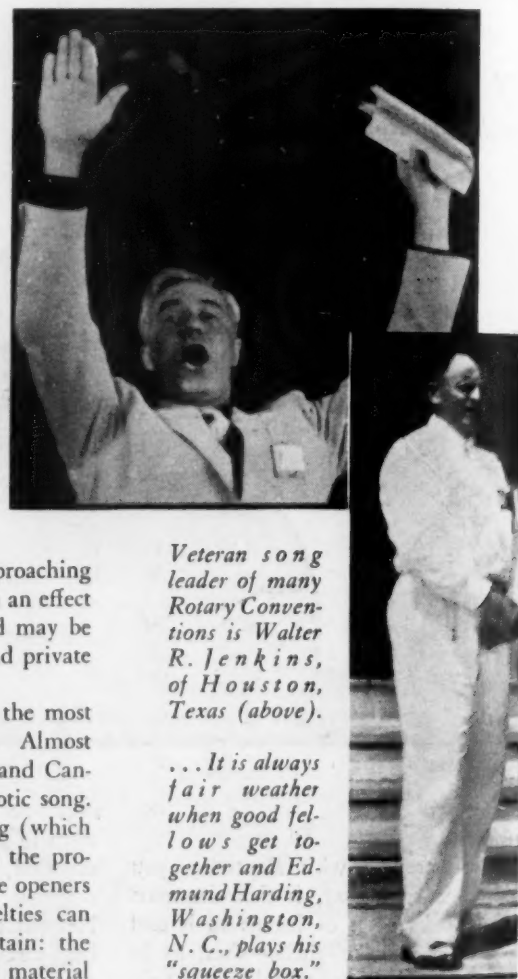
But what to sing is perhaps the most important consideration of all. Almost all Clubs in the United States and Canada, at least, open with a patriotic song. Familiar songs, or a Rotary song (which should always have a place on the program if possible), make effective openers to the general singing. Novelties can follow. But one thing is certain: the leader should avoid hackneyed material even though it is an easy way out of his assignment.

To the younger blades in Rotary, the current popular music with all its "swing" makes an appeal, but it is doubtful if much of it should be used. It usually requires special word sheets and it may easily tangle you in publishers' legal restrictions. Popular tunes serve well for parodies and topical verses which the members themselves can write, however.

But for all other purposes the Rotary songbook is adequate. For every occasion and situation—grave or gay, subtle or obvious, hard or easy—it contains a song or two. A Club that knows its songbook will never need any help from other sources.

That book, *Songs for the Rotary Club*,

is an interesting story in itself. Behind the 1937 edition, which Rotary International released a year ago, lies an evolution that is indeed fascinating. But it must suffice here to say only that it is published now in two forms: words and music, and words only. Its frequent revisions and additions have brought it to the stage where it now comprehends nearly all the songs that Rotary Clubs like best. And it is Rotary's Songbook



*Veteran song leader of many Rotary Conventions is Walter R. Jenkins, of Houston, Texas (above).*

*... It is always fair weather when good fellows get together and Edmund Harding, Washington, N. C., plays his "squeeze box."*

Committee that has made sure of that.

Each piece submitted for the songbook must stand up under the laboratory test of Rotary's Songbook Committee. Gathered around a piano in the Secretariat, the Committee tests each song with its own voices and methods, accepting and rejecting as it goes.

The blue and gold cover of that songbook carries a line from Rotarian James O. Scott's deservedly popular *Smile—Sing a Song*, which is an excellent combination of tune and words. The average Club, however, is likely to do even better with the late Rotarian Norris C. Morgan's musical spelling of *R-O-T-A-R-Y*, which is always a good bet for an opener.

Let's page through a little more of the songbook, looking especially for Rotary songs. A rather jazzy type that is widely

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sung is former Rotarian Walt Wood's *At Rotary Together*. His chorus is not particularly original, suggesting several popular songs of the past. But it "sings" well and has plenty of pep.

Somewhat more serious and also a bit reminiscent of other popular strains is *Oh, Rotary!*, by C. Warner Van Valkenburg. For a waltz tune, *The Rose of Rotary*, by former Rotarian Bert and Lois Mitchener, can be recommended, although it seems a trifle long. The chorus alone should be sufficient, with every man thinking of his own particular rose.

The chorus is the best part of past Rotarian Allen Spurr's *Let's All Get Together*, a good pep song. For variety the six-eight rhythm of *Whistle, Sing, Smile*, by Charles Astin, should be effective, especially if the whistling is properly done.

That well-known song leader, the late Rotarian Fred Carberry, and Rotarian

While Geoffrey O'Hara was an active Rotarian, he composed *That's Rotary*, which shows the individuality that might be expected of so experienced a musician, and there are plenty of other tunes available from the work of recognized composers or the folk music of the world.

There is a *Rotary Marching Song*, for instance, with words by Rotarian Henry F. King, to that great melody of Sir Arthur Sullivan's known as *Onward, Christian Soldiers*. England's equally fine hunting song, *John Peel*, has been given the inspiring words *D'Ye Ken the Wheel?*, by a British Rotarian, F. G. Byford.

If you want something lighter, try *I'd Rather Be Here*, by former Rotarian Theodore Hawley, to the old Irish tune *Song of a Gambolier*, which, incidentally, is one of the best in the world for topical verses, easily fitted to any occasion. Then

worry about material, or give in to *The Music Goes Round and Round*.

There are the usual gems of Stephen Foster, but also two of his lesser known songs, *Ring, Ring the Banjo* and *Some Folks*. And the book includes plenty of old favorites of the *Long, Long Ago* type, some amusing rounds (good for stunt singing), and well-established comedy numbers, including the original *Man on the Flying Trapeze*, as it was before Walter O'Keefe "modernized" it (unfortunately with a rather bad misprint in the middle).

**Y**OU will find a Christmas carol or two, some sea-chanties, *Alouette*, and other specialties, and finally several pages of modern copyright songs, limited to words only, since everybody knows the tunes. . . . One hundred and twenty-one songs altogether—as practical a collection as you will find anywhere today.

With such a songbook available there is no excuse for a nonsinging Rotary Club, or for half-hearted participation. If men don't feel like singing together, there is something wrong with that basic congeniality which Rotary unquestioningly assumes.

I am told, however, that few Rotary Clubs in Europe, South America, and the Orient sing, because group singing in a man's club in those lands has been thought too unnatural even to venture. But here and there in these same places Club singing is being given cautious trial and with promising results. In Mexico, where singing is an indigenous and spontaneous trait of the people, the folk songs of the land are used as a fellowship stimulant in most Rotary Clubs.

The Rotary Club of Fortaleza, Brazil, started singing about two years ago. One of the members brought the idea back from an international Rotary reunion where he'd seen the good a lively tune can do a crowd. The Club has composed several Rotary songs in Portuguese and is singing regularly.

In Japan, several Rotarians have written words and music for Rotary songs which are now being used successfully in a few of the Japanese Clubs.

Think of your Club singing, Rotarians, as something more than a polite form of roughhouse, more even than the relaxation that it certainly represents. Think of it as both a symbol and a working test of that coöperative spirit that is the heart and soul of Rotary. Think of it, finally, as an honest expression of spiritual values, and actually a foundation for those esthetic and cultural satisfactions that are closely bound up with the progress of civilization itself.



Walter L. Hill produced a splendid, dignified song in *The Rotary Wheel*. It is short and easy to learn. I would suggest E-Flat rather than E for the key.

Rotarian William E. Blodgett's *Crusaders of Rotary* suggests an old waltz tune put into march time, but it still is good, and the words maintain a high level. The same is true of the hymnlike *Rotary Anthem*, by J. Thorp Blyth, a former Rotarian.

Solid music and words of the he-man type are found in *The Spirit of Rotary*, by Eric Van Norden, a past Rotarian, and the jazz mode enters again in former Rotarian R. E. Hall's lively song, *That Rotary Smile*. *A Rotary Ditty*, by the late Norris C. Morgan, has a conventional swing, but should be practical for quick study.

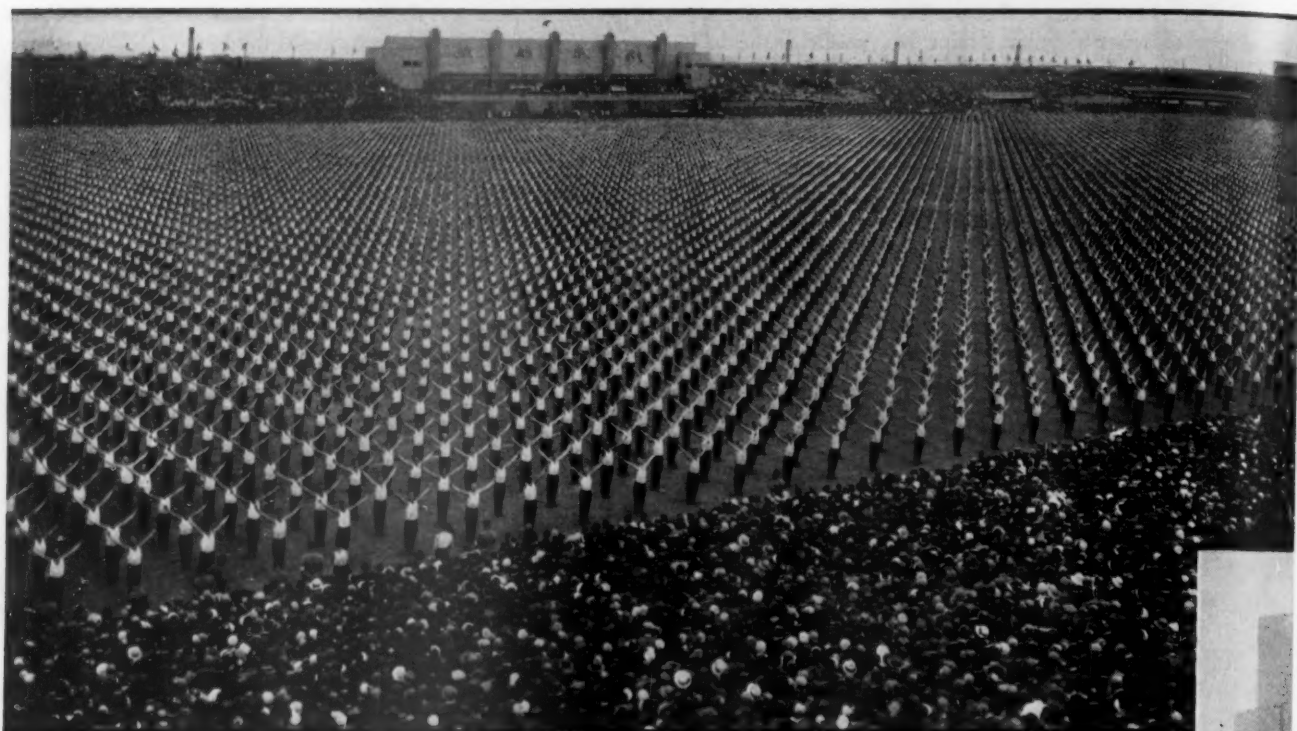
there is *Rotary, My Rotary*, whose words former Rotarian Herbert H. Stalker set to the German folk song *Tannenbaum*, *O Tannenbaum* (originally *Lauriger Horatius*), which is also known as *Maryland*, *My Maryland* and in several college versions.

Other familiar tunes, to which Rotary texts are available, include the *Caisson Song*, *Peggy O'Neil*, the *Maine Stein Song*, *A Perfect Day*, *Little Brown Jug*, *There's a Long, Long Trail*, *Men of Harlech* (with clever New Zealand comedy effects), and *Anchors Aweigh*.

This means that for over half the year a different Rotary song could be sung at each weekly luncheon. Think that over, some of you Rotary song leaders. Then look at some of the other pages in *Songs for the Rotary Club* before you begin to



## Where 30,000 Men Move As One



**By Bert Ženatý**

*Rotary Club of Prague, Czechoslovakia*

**W**HEN I lived in the United States, I sometimes went with 60,000, perhaps 70,000 "fans" to a football game; or I sat at a baseball game in the Yankee Stadium in New York City and with 20,000 others cheered a player who had just hit a home run. For a week before a game we discussed the possibilities of the outcome. Then it was all over in two hours and the big sporting event was past history.

A similar current of excitement is now passing through Czechoslovakia. But the long-anticipated event is not a football game, where 60,000 people watch only 22 men in action. Czechoslovakia, of course, has its regular soccer games every Spring and Fall, attended by 40,000 or more, but the affair to which I refer is altogether different. It is a unique celebration. One hundred and fifty thousand people will assemble in the grandstands to witness the impressive entrance of 30,000 male gymnasts to a central field, to be followed by an equal number of women, then children.

Picture to yourself the huge "stage" on which 30,000 people move with utmost precision to music! The swish of men's

Amazing is Czechoslovakia's Sokol meet which every six years climaxes efforts to improve bodies, minds, and hearts.

arms resounds like the roar of the ocean. Every step, every half-turn, changes the scene. Waves of ever-shifting color, glimpses of the red, white, and blue of their uniforms, surge across the field as they carry out the intricate steps. Impressive they are in their powerful, masterly action and precision.

The women, also 30,000 in number, appeal with their light, gay, rhythmic steps and dances, and yet their exacting accuracy matches the men's precision. Even the children participate, also in great numbers, all very eager and clever at their games. It is a vivid, grand sight, so spectacular that it must be experienced to be fully appreciated.

But what is this gathering? Who is organizing it? Who is behind it?

The organization directing this huge festival is called, in Czech, the "Sokol," which means the "Falcon." The society was founded in 1862, when the Czechs lived within the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. In those days young Czechs grouped together not merely to drill in gymnasiums, but also to further their education and raise moral standards. If

we study the program of this Sokol organization 76 years later and compare it with other institutions—the Y. M. C. A., for instance—we find a striking resemblance of fundamental principles—the same basic triangle of body, of mind, and of heart.

It was important that members of this organization should realize the higher aim they had in common and give proof of their spirit in a unified front. Thus, attired in uniform, they appeared on public occasions and at funerals of their members. On their heads they wore a jaunty black cap with a feather of the falcon, a bird as proud as the eagle.

From small groups the organization grew throughout the country. The Sokol creed, started by youth, reached the men and women, rich and poor alike, in cities and in peasant homes of the mountains. Scattered as they were, the Sokols nevertheless trained and had the same drills at the same specified time, thus giving the feeling of unity. Much of their time was spent at educational lectures,



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concerts, dances in national costumes, well known to the world for their color and beauty. Through it all, they developed and retained an optimistic, happy state of mind, and healthy bodies.

Since their first Sokol meet (*slet* in Czech) in Prague, the movement has expanded greatly; yet throughout their existence the Sokols have remained nonpolitical and independent. They attained financial security and property only from their members, through small dues but heavier self-imposed duties. Today, they own gymnasiums for training, concert and lecture halls, imposing structures in larger cities, adequate, modern buildings in practically every larger hamlet in the Republic, all built by the members themselves—men, women, and children.

Each member must either contribute financially toward the construction of the buildings or work an equivalent number of hours at bricklaying, digging founda-

all outside support and influence. There are now 750,000 active members in Czechoslovakia, a nation of only 15 million inhabitants and with but 10 million Czech and Slovak citizens.

The first Sokol meet was followed by successive festivals every six years; the latter part of June and first week of July, 1938, the tenth Sokol festival will be held in Prague, to which thousands of Sokols will come from other countries, for the Sokol organizations are now scattered over all continents.

The Sokol meet in 1932 proved to be not merely a picturesque spectacle, a mass performance, but also an exhibition of self-imposed discipline, the expression of attainment, which took root in preceding generations which yearned and strove for ideals.

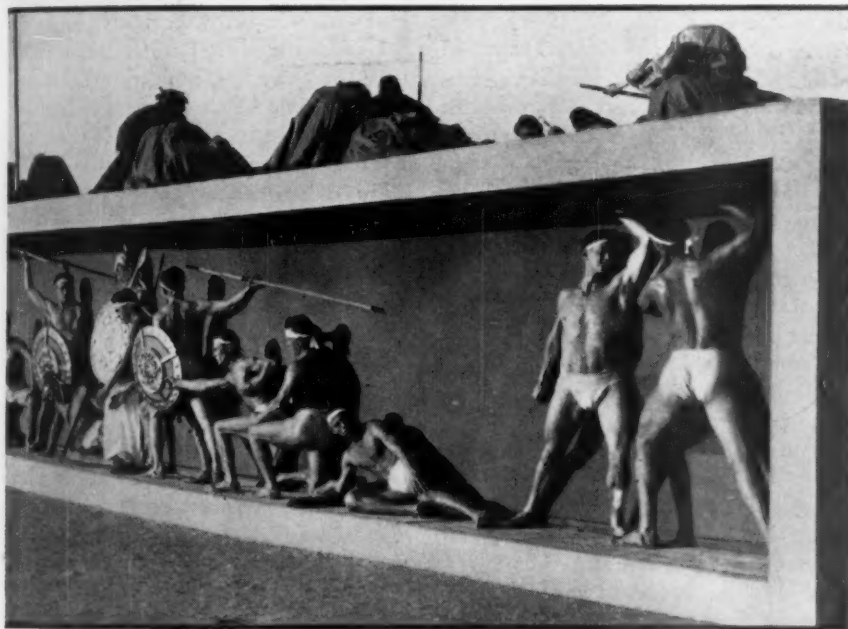
The mass entrance and perfectly timed performance of 30,000 people at one time are remarkable feats. Music and timing

prove to be a problem; bands of several hundred musicians are not satisfactory. Sound waves travel approximately 333 meters a second and as the field is 200 meters (over 600 feet) square, the last rows of men would hear the music two seconds later; consequently, all their movements, raising of arms, every upward or downward move in their last ranks, would cause an irregular, ill-timed wave. Underground megaphones were installed so that all gymnasts could catch the commands and rhythm on the same fraction of a second. This year the field has been enlarged and most likely the megaphones will be strung in balloons above the heads of the participants. From the standpoint of management it will be a singular attempt.

The Czechoslovak nation is progressive, diligent, anxious to learn from other thrifty, hard-working countries, earnest in its reverence of its late founder and first President, Thomas Garrigue Masaryk, a former Rotarian. The Sokols are largely responsible for this vigor. When they meet, it is not to show power, but to proclaim their hope and belief in the peaceful relations of nations.

Rotary, whose pacific ideals are not dissimilar, has made great strides in Czechoslovakia. Since that day in 1925 when the nation's first Rotary Club was organized at Prague, 46 other Clubs have come into being and have thrived. Our Rotary District, Number 66, counts 1,214 members and its Governor is J. V. Hyka, of Prague. Our welcome mats are always out to visiting Rotarians.

Photos: (left) European Picture Service; (below) Centropress



*Timing the calisthenics of a field of Sokol athletes (opposite page) is a problem, but loudspeakers underground or in balloons overhead solve it. . . . Living tableaux (above) have a part in the festival, held once every six years. . . . Prague (right) is to be host to the meet in June.*

tions, or at any work he or she may feel competent to fulfill. Moreover, all work and service performed by the president down to the last member, all routine duties of teachers, builders, trainers, are given freely without financial compensation. This fair and original arrangement allows both rich and poor to contribute their share, and retains the Sokol movement on its stable and free foundation of equality, nonpolitical and independent of



# May I Suggest— . . . . By William Lyon Phelps

*A Look at the Best of the Recent Books . . . with Notes on Their Authors*

**I** KNOW four research men in science in four towns all of whom have the same recreation, or hobby, if you like; they meet one evening every week with seven or eight other men and play music. They have formed a little amateur orchestra and though none of them is a first-class musician, each has his favorite instrument, each plays it for fun. They look forward to these evenings with delight, for one of the secrets of happiness is to have something pleasant to look forward to; they love music, they love to play it together, they love the social companionship of agreeable and intimate friends.

And there is much more to it than that. They never play to an audience and they never allow anyone to hear them; thus there is no nervous strain. They play exclusively for their own pleasure. But they always play *first-rate music* even though they play it in a second- and third-rate manner. This enables them to attain a knowledge of music that adds enormously to the happiness of their lives. For when they go to professional symphony and chamber concerts, they hear the very music played easily and superbly that they have sweated and toiled over and butchered.

I suggest that all my readers, whether they are musicians or not, read a little book recently published called *A Little Night Music*. The author, Gerald W. Johnson, is on the staff of the *Baltimore Sun*. Although I have never seen this gentleman, everyone who reads his small volume will feel acquainted with him. It is so alive with humor and wit and commonsense that the personality of the man illuminates every page. He himself is an amateur musician; he describes the little group of players to which he belongs and their struggles with music.

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Daniel Frohman, the grand old man of the theater, has published another book of stage reminiscences called *Encore*. This splendid author is more than 85 years old; he sleeps four hours out of the 24, he eats very, very little, drinks no alcoholic liquors, and smokes about 30 cigars a day. He is over six feet high, as thin as a shad, as lively as a lark, as energetic as a colt (he is one of the best dancers in New York), as alert as a detective, and he is as kindhearted and as unselfish as a saint. His long life has been a multitudinous blessing; although

he has loved his professional work, he has loved generosity and kindness even more. His long life as a successful theater manager has taught him what subjects and what treatment of them will interest the average human being. This knowledge has enabled him to write another intensely interesting book. For this volume is filled with anecdotes, stories, comments, without a dull page.

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Those who are planning to visit the shores of the Mediterranean this Summer will do well to read *Cruising the Mediterranean*, by Madeleine S. Miller and J. Lane Miller. One of the most valuable and interesting features of this book is the appearance of *over 100 full-page photographs taken by the authors*. Dr. and Mrs. Miller are travellers with the right mental background; and they make the past alive by their pages and the present with their pictures.

• • •

Ada Galsworthy (wife of the late novelist John Galsworthy) has written a charming book of travel and adventure called *Over the Hills and Far Away*. Like many English women, she can *walk* and she can *climb*. She has done both for hundreds of miles and in various parts of England, the Continent, Africa, and America. I admire not only the lively descriptions in this book; I admire above all its gayety. Every woman who reads these pages will envy the author. Brought up in a cultivated home, well read and accomplished, an admirable piano player, she loved the open air. Ideally married, she and John Galsworthy climbed mountains, and travelled extensively in various parts of the world. Now this book breathes *happiness*. It was written after the greatest tragedy of her life—the death of her husband.

Mark Twain said that it was not worth while to have years of happiness if you suffered disaster and loss at the end. Better never to have lived at all, he said. Ada Galsworthy expresses no opinions and no philosophy. But it is clear that the loneliness and sorrow of the latter days have not quenched her spirit or made her ungrateful for the long years of unclouded delight. They were real; nothing can take them away.

Although I have a great admiration for the wisdom and wit of Dr. Johnson, I believe he was entirely mistaken when he

insisted, as he did repeatedly, that there was no such thing as human happiness; that no one was ever at any one moment entirely happy. He was wrong, ludicrously, prodigiously wrong. This book glows with happiness; what a tremendously good time she had! Inasmuch as we are compelled by the necessity of life to pass through suffering, I think it is important that we should *self-consciously enjoy life* while it is possible to do so, and that after tragedy has come upon us we should still regard those happy times, not with bitter and fruitless yearning, but rather as a magnificent experience that was real when we had it and is still real in memory. Not everyone can do this; but Mrs. Galsworthy seems able to do so.

I will go further; I will say that I believe that those who most consciously enjoy living when living is good will enjoy it more in the memory than if they had not fully appreciated it when they had it.

• • •

No publisher or anyone else has sent me a copy of Douglas C. McMurtrie's *The Book: The Story of Printing and Bookmaking*. But although I haven't seen it, I wish to call the attention of my readers to it, for I really know a good deal about it. Douglas McMurtrie designed the present format of *THE ROTARIAN*, hence I know that anything concerning printing as an art is in his alley. Furthermore, I have seen descriptions of this volume which make me certain that it is a beautiful and useful piece of work.

*In Douglas McMurtrie's The Book appears this title-page illustration of the Columbus Letter, which was printed in Florence, Italy, in 1495.*

*La lettera dell'isole che ha crousto nuovamente il Re di Spagna.*



The author has given a history of the written and printed WORD. Paper, manuscripts, invention of printing, typography and its development; illustrating and decorating; the binding of books and the contributions to this art made by binders who became famous; immortal printers, of which there are a goodly company; and the entire process of the production of books is simply and clearly



WILLIAM CAXTON'S PRINTER'S MARK.

Printer's mark or emblem found in books and broadsides of William Caxton, first man to print in English.

described, with a discussion of the elements essential to the making of the ideal book. There are over 120 reproductions of fine title-pages; thus in letterpress and in accompanying illustrations one may obtain an idea of the whole history of the subject. Gustav Jensen designed the binding and the jacket.

I am scrupulous about reviewing. This is why I have not reviewed this book, but have instead described it—a very different thing. I feel as sure as if I had seen it that booklovers will be glad to own it.

\* \* \*

When we consider that New York, Newark, Jersey City, Philadelphia, are huge cities and neighbors, it seems strange that close to these urban centers (and not in zoos) are wild and ferocious animals; bears, wildcats, and plenty of unferocious quadrupeds running wild—deer and their cousins. For northeastern Pennsylvania, with crowded cities, is in places a wilderness.

Well, after the same pattern, Florida, now the playground of America and of Europeans who seek warmth in January, was only a short time ago the habitation of the wildest and most dangerous beasts—huge panthers, savage bears, and a whole collection of animals that I thought

lived mainly in Africa and India. I know there are plenty of crocodiles and alligators (there is a difference between alligators and crocodiles; it has something to do with the jaw; I have forgotten what it is, and have ceased to care, because I dislike both animals), but I certainly did not know until I read this new novel *The Yearling* that there had been so recently such an abundance of horrible wild life.

In it Marjorie Rawlings tells in a tremendously interesting and wholly charming manner the story of a farming family in Florida who were really primitive; who tried to force a living from the reluctant soil while keeping up a daily fight against predatory beasts. The interesting thing is that although these people are without education, they are innately fine and respectable; the author has not found it necessary to smear her pages with words that everybody knows. The difference between this book and such a book as *Of Mice and Men* is that in the latter there are no men; all the so-called men are animals. Here, although the human beings in this family have no more culture than the animals, they are totally different because they are really human. The best character in the book is the father; but the charm lies largely in the love of the small boy for the pet fawn. I can understand that perfectly because when I was a child, I loved animals in exactly that way.

\* \* \*

*The Memoirs of Julian Hawthorne*, edited by his wife, Edith, I find inexpressibly charming. Julian, who died recently at the age of 88, was the son of the great Nathaniel Hawthorne. When he was a boy in Concord, Massachusetts, he took long walks with Thoreau, he saw Emerson every day, he went in swimming with Louisa Alcott, and he was his great father's playmate. In these pages of memory he tells us about these experiences. I got a series of thrills; it was as if I were close to these men of genius myself. They all come to life. Even when past the age of 85, Julian Hawthorne remembered them as vividly (perhaps more so) as if he had seen them within ten years. Furthermore, the spirit of this book is admirable. Julian was a lover of mankind up to the very last, and a firm believer in the life to come. And although he was not a man of genius, he was an expert writer; he knew how to tell stories.

When I was a boy, I read his novel *Archibald Malmaison*, and although I have not seen the book for nearly 60 years, I remember everything in it. Do you want to read one of the most blood-curdling, one of the most horrible, one of

the most fantastic, tales ever written? So do I. Well, go to the library, for the book is out of print, and take out *Archibald Malmaison*.

Julian, when an undergraduate at Harvard, rowed on the crew. He lived to be 88. What does this prove? It proves that some who take part in major athletics live to a great old age, while some others die young. On the other hand, some who never take any exercise live to be over 80, while some others die young. What do you think? Yes, that's just what I think. A physician told me that more people die from overeating than from not eating enough. I doubt this. But even if it is true, you've got to die anyhow, and it is much better to—don't you agree?

\* \* \*

E. S. Gardner is one of our most reliable murder writers. Nothing, not even an almanac for 1902, not even a collection of sermons printed in 1836, not even the *Congressional Record*, is as dull as a dull murder story. And alas, the majority of them are dull. But E. S. Gardner, whose sleuth is not a detective, not a gunman, but a lawyer, Perry Mason, is always good—his stories are always exciting. This latest one, *The Case of the Substitute Face*, is right up to standard.

\* \* \*

Henry Tetlow is a cityman, a Philadelphian, a manufacturer. He has produced a small book called *We Farm As a Hobby and Make It Pay*. Now here is a book that cannot be described unless one has read every page of it, as I have. It is brief, but packed with information and wisdom. Owing to the automobile, thousands are now living in the country and working in the city. Mr. Tetlow shows how they can work in both places and with profit as well as pleasure. Successful farming requires more intelligence and more knowledge than most of the learned professions; Henry Tetlow is intelligent and has acquired the requisite knowledge. I have wished for years that men could make a living off a small farm. Mr. Tetlow shows it can be done. I believe a large number of Americans ought to read this book; they will find it valuable. Every detail of expense and receipts is given. And it is as interesting as a romance.

\* \* \*

Books mentioned, their publishers and prices:

*A Little Night Music*. Gerald W. Johnson. Harper. \$1.50.—*Encore*. Daniel Frohman. Lee Furman. \$3.50.—*Over the Hills and Far Away*. Ada Galsworthy. Scribner's. \$4.—*Cruising the Mediterranean*. Madeleine S. Miller and J. Lane Miller. Revell. \$3.50.—*The Book: The Story of Printing and Bookmaking*. Douglas C. McMurtrie. Covici Friede. \$5.—*The Yearling*. Marjorie Rawlings. Scribner's. \$2.50.—*The Case of the Substitute Face*. E. S. Gardner. Morrow. \$2.—*The Memoirs of Julian Hawthorne*. Edited by his wife. Macmillan. \$3.50.—*We Farm As a Hobby and Make It Pay*. Henry Tetlow. Morrow. \$2.50.



# As the Wheel Turns

*Notes about Rotary personages and events of special Rotary interest*

**I**N 1940. Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, will probably be the setting for Rotary's 1940 Convention if further investigation shows that satisfactory arrangements can be made. This is the intention of Rotary's Board of Directors, which will determine the Convention city definitely before the current Rotary year expires (June 30, 1938). Should arrangements with Rio de Janeiro not be concluded, invitations from other Rotary Clubs (which were to be in the hands of Rotary's Secretary by May 31) will be considered.

**Five-in-One.** The Rotary Club of Windsor, N. S., Canada, has propped up a target, and invites other Clubs to shoot at it. It is this: The Club has a father and his four sons in its



*A family fivesome—all in one Club.*

membership. The name is PARSONS, and the quintette looks out at you from the cut above. (Seated, left to right) ALBERT PARSONS (he's the dad) and Son RALPH; (standing, left to right) Sons ALBERT, JR., ARTHUR, and EZRA. ROTARIAN ALBERT is a regular active member; his sons are outpost members.

**President.** The route which will lead Rotary's President, MAURICE DUPEYREY, from his home in Paris to the Convention in San Francisco is marked with several stops at Rotary Clubs where he is scheduled to speak. His itinerary runs thus: He arrives in New York City May 23 or 24; meets with the Rotary Club of Philadelphia, Pa., May 25; addresses the Rotary Club of Toronto, Ont., Canada, May 26, on the subject *Rotary in the International Field* (arrangements have been made with the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation to broadcast the address over its coast-to-coast hookup from 1:15 to 1:45 P. M. DST, 12:15 to 12:45 P. M. EST); arrives in Quebec, Que., Canada, May 27 and leaves the following day; arrives in Chicago May 30 and leaves for points west June 2.

**Honor from Peru.** To PRESIDENT MAURICE DUPEYREY's long list of honors was lately added the decoration of the insignia of Commander of the Peruvian Order of the Sun. He received the award in the Peruvian Legation in Paris.

**Rarity?** To the "rare classifications" department the Rotary Club of Laredo, Tex., wishes to submit this entry "Smelting and Refining—Antimony." ROTARIAN HARLAND M. IRVIN holds it, and he and his fellow members wonder if he isn't the only Rotarian under such classifica-

tion. Antimony is said to be refined and smelted in only one other country, China. Perhaps some Chinese Rotarian holds the classification. If so, ROTARIAN IRVIN would like very much to know about it.

**Close Shave.** Doctors can be firm. They were with ROTARIAN STEPHEN TH. WESTDAL, of Williston, No. Dak., a few weeks back, when, ill though he was, he wanted to go to the weekly luncheon of his Club. "NO!" they said. "Even if you do have a 14½-year record of 100 percent attendance, you're staying here with us!" But to the rescue of that record came the 28 other Williston Rotarians. They held their meeting, not in their usual luncheon room, but at ROTARIAN WESTDAL's hospital bedside.

**Directors-Nominee.** Rotary's By-Laws provide that the Board of Directors of Rotary International shall nominate from the membership of Clubs outside the United States, Canada, Newfoundland, and Great Britain and Ireland, five Directors to be elected at the annual Convention for the Rotary year which opens on July 1 after the Convention. The Board has nominated the following Rotarians for these five Directorships for 1938-39: FERNANDO CARBAJAL, Lima, Peru; FRANCISCO MARSEILLAN, Buenos Aires, Argentina; NILS PARMANN, Oslo, Norway; AGRIPIA POPESCU, Bucharest, Rumania; CARLOS P. ROMULO, Manila, Commonwealth of the Philippines.

**Race.** The contest to find the smallest town having a Rotary Club, current in these columns, has taken a new turn. The newly organized Rotary Club of Carson City, Nev., claims to be the smallest Club in the smallest State capital in the United States (25 members in a city of 1,596 people). Moreover, it was sponsored by the ranking Club in the smallest-town contest—Minden, Nev. Minden proper counts something under 250 persons, the Rotary Club 19 members. Oak Harbor, Wash., runner-up, has a population of 368, a Rotary Club of 29 men. Gloucester, Va., in third place, has 375 people, a Club of 14 members.

**Proceedings.** Convention-goers who want an almost unabridged record of what they're to hear, see, and do at San Francisco in June may want to make a mental note to obtain a copy of the Convention Proceedings which will be issued in the Fall. Those who miss the Convention, but who will want to know what happened there, may wish to do likewise. Rotary International has supplied this complete coverage for almost a score of Conventions.

**Defy Caught Up.** Some months back the Rotary Club of Bradford, Pa., advanced through these columns the conviction that its President, ROBERT B. BROMELEY, was the youngest President among Clubs of more than 50 members. He was 27. Presently to Bradford Rotarians there came an answer from the Rotary Club of Alton, Ill., saying that its President, DUDLEY F. GIBERSON, was 25, its membership total 60. Incidentally, the classification of both Presidents

*Hearty congratulations to Rotarian and Mrs. Edwin B. Lord, Jersey City, N. J., on 50 years of wedded life.*

is "Insurance, Casualty," and the charter year of both Clubs is 1921. Acknowledging WINNER GIBERSON, the Bradford Club thinks it may claim, at least, to have the largest Club with the youngest President. It has 70 members.

**Grand Total.** Can you pick eight members from your Club whose total 100 percent attendance records total 90 years? The Rotary Club of Trenton, Ont., Canada, was pleased to note recently that it can. That number have an average record of 11¼ years of flawless attendance. The Club's membership is 23.



*Louis Hirsig*

**Perfect Quarter.** A new member of that small but growing and certainly select circle of Rotarians who have completed a quarter century of 100 percent attendance is LOUIS HIRSIG, of Madison, Wis. To maintain that record, he has "made up" at other Clubs just before signing up for operations which should keep him from his own Club. He has left sickbeds to "make" meetings, and once his Club held a regular meeting at his hospital bedside—just to keep his score 100 percent. When the Madison Rotary Club celebrated its silver anniversary not long ago, it gave ROTARIAN HIRSIG a gold life-membership card—with all future dues paid.

**Radio Rescue.** ROTARIAN EDWARD F. FLYNN, of St. Paul, Minn., frequently talks to other Rotary Clubs each year. Not long ago the Clubs at Kalispell and Whitefish in Montana invited him to address meetings. He said he would. But when the times came, ROTARIAN FLYNN went to bed in a Kalispell hospital, at the doctor's behest, instead. But to leave the Clubs in the lurch without programs wouldn't do, so with the help of ROTARIAN DON TRELOAR, who owns a radio station in Kalispell and who set up a miniature broadcasting studio in the hospital bedroom, ROTARIAN FLYNN met the two speaking engagements. Fan mail from outsiders who "listened in" bulked large.

**School Masters.** The Rotary School Masters' Club, if you need an introduction, is an informal organization of Rotarian educators from all sections of the United States who meet once a year at the annual convention of the National Education Association. The yearly luncheon usually draws from 800 to 1,000 men and did a few weeks ago at Atlantic City, N. J., when the School Masters held a joint luncheon with the Rotary Club there. PAST DISTRICT GOVERNOR

*Photo: Furniss*





Photo: Bachrach

### Tutors Weglein, Chenoweth, Neveln

EDGAR G. DOUDNA, of Madison, Wis., was the speaker. Last year's president was ROTARIAN DR. DAVID E. WEGLEIN, superintendent of public schools of Baltimore, Md.; this year's president is ROTARIAN DR. A. S. CHENOWETH, superintendent of Atlantic City schools; ROTARIAN S. T. NEVELN, superintendent of Austin, Minn., schools, has been secretary-treasurer since 1923.

**Magna Carta.** The Magna Carta, which the English barons forced King John to sign on June 15, 1215, was the foundation of the liberty of the English people. Existing today to secure annual observance of June 15 as the anniversary of the signing of the document is the International Magna Carta Day Association, with headquarters in St. Paul, Minn. The Association seeks to interest English-speaking nations in the observance.

**Conference.** The annual Conference of Rotary International: Association for Great Britain and Ireland held this year in Blackpool will have come and gone when these pages reach readers' hands. Conference-goers were to hear such speakers as H.R.H. THE DUKE OF KENT, M. MAURICE DUPERRÉ, SIR SAMUEL HOARE, DR. WINIFRED CULLIS, and officers of R.I.B.I. On the social side, golf competitions, the Mayor's Ball and the President's Ball, a variety entertainment, teas, and a concert were to provide pleasant, friendship-tilling diversions.

**Souvenir.** Though the month for Rotary's 1938 Convention is at hand, memories of last year's great reunion at Nice have faded little from the minds of those who attended it. For ROTARIAN AND MRS. ROY V. JORDAN, of Centralia, Ill., they are as sharp as ever—for they have them all down in black and white. A souvenir newspaper, being a collection of reports and photographs the JORDANS sent home during their European tour, has preserved these memories in their daily detail.

**Jubilee.** Thirty-five years of service to mankind as a physician, surgeon, and specialist in nervous diseases—that is the record of DR. L. S. A. M. VON RÖMER, Hon. Secretary of the Rotary Club of Malang, Java, Netherlands Indies. In tribute to that career of usefulness many Rotarians, officials of government, and other friends attended a reception in his honor recently. DR. VON RÖMER began his career as a surgeon in the Royal Dutch Navy, later entered the Civil Medical Service in Java, and has been practicing privately for five years. He is, in his spare time, a historian and an authority on heraldry.

**He Covers Rotary.** He's not a member, yet he hasn't missed a meeting or party of the Lynn, Mass., Rotary Club for 16 years—except during vacations. You see, he covers Rotary for his paper, the *Daily Evening Item*. His name is GUY FROST. On that day back in 1922 when he first sat down to luncheon with Lynn Rotarians, he already had rounded out 18 years

of service to his "sheet" (which is trade slang for newspaper). So when he wheels his eloquent typewriter into action on Rotary news, no one asks, "Will he get the story right?" He will. Can any newsman anywhere tie his tenure as a man who covers Rotary?

**Large 100%.** "Please, gentlemen, see if you can manage at least one 100 percent meeting this month." Such was the gist, at least, of an appeal GOVERNOR HENRY C. DWORSHAK made to the 29 Clubs in District 110 (Utah, Idaho), recently. Seventeen of the 29 "came through" with perfect-attendance meetings, some with more than one. But honors for the largest 100 percent gathering go to the Rotary Club of Salt Lake City, Utah. Of its 237 members, 210 attended the regular meeting, 12 attended a suburban Club, and 15 made up during the week at such widely separated Clubs as Cape Town, Union of South Africa; Honolulu, Hawaii; and Mexico City.

**Attendance Booster.** Absences from meetings of the Rotary Club of Opelika, Ala., stick out like missing teeth—and that's an accurate if puzzling metaphor. Each member's presence is represented by a tooth on a large Rotary gear wheel displayed in the meeting room. Cogs of absent members are plucked off the wheel—which stops its revolution. The obvious moral, says the Club, is: a wheel can't run with a missing cog; a Club can't function with missing members. ROTARIANS ROBERT A. BOTSFORD and MAJOR GEORGE W. BRENT perfected the device. They've rigged it to rotate in the breeze of a small electric fan.

**Tree.** ROTARIAN DR. M. E. DODD, of Shreveport, La., is convinced that however trite the expression "It's a small world!" may be, it's true. On an air tour of South America, he stopped off at Valparaíso, Chile, and met local Rotarians who showed him a tree growing in soil from every country in South America. One of his countrymen, PAUL P. HARRIS, Rotary's Founder, had planted it some years before as a symbol of international goodwill. Visits at Rotary Clubs in many other South American cities punctuated ROTARIAN DODD's journey via the airlines.

**Gift.** ROTARIAN J. R. MCKENZIE, of Christchurch, New Zealand, has given £10,000 to the Rotary Clubs of Christchurch and Wellington to be administered as a fund for the aid of poor boys of the two cities. As administrators of the fund, the Directors of the two Clubs will invest the sum and devote the income to bettering the lot of the less-privileged lads. Announcement of the gift was made at a Conference of New Zealand Rotary Clubs. ROTARIAN MCKENZIE told members that his gift was an acknowledgment of Rotary's great work and of the privileges it had conferred upon him. On earlier occasions he has made large gifts through Rotary to a crippled children's association, to a children's hospital, and to other worthy institutions in his part of the world.

**Find.** DECATUR W. VAN DEVANTER, Secretary of the Rotary Club of Gallup, N. Mex., likes to take pictures. One day three years ago, hunting game for his camera, he turned off a popular highway west of his city, drove a few miles, and discovered a vast canyon-scarred

wilderness. Probing further, he found remains of early Indian civilizations, of a pony-express station, and the great idea that it all ought to be saved as a national park. This thought he transmitted to his Rotary Club. Net result (after much diligent work by almost the entire community): the National Park Service has ap-

## Add: Father-and-Son Pairs in Rotary

THE spirit and sport of Rotary are privileges every Rotarian dad hopes his son may some day share. And many a father—as has often been reported in these pages—has seen that wish fulfilled. Here, for instance, are 16 father-and-son duos from several Clubs. The son's name stands first in each combination:

(1 & 2) Ernest Harper, Fontana, Calif., and Glenn Harper, Corona, Calif.; (3 & 4) Charles M. Meredith, Jr. and Sr., Quakertown, Pa.; (5 & 6) Reginald and George A. Calvert, Estevan, Sask., Canada; (7 & 8) Winchester Britton, Jr. and Sr., Cranford, N. J.; (9 & 10) Richard B. Lyon, Olean, N. Y., and Paul P. Lyon, Bradford, Pa.; in the Rotary Club of Bradford, Pa.: (11 & 12) Lewis E. and James C. Moffatt, (13 & 14) Donald W. and Robert A. Mackie; in the Rotary Club of Omaha, Nebr.: (15 & 16) John R. and Roy A. Ralph. (17 & 18) Paul E. and Oscar E. Engler, (19 & 20) Howland and Edward P. Boyer, (21 & 22) Elbert D. and Fred S. Knapp, (23 & 24) Richard H. and Louis Hiller, (25 & 26) Louis A. and Arthur Metz, (27 & 28) Eugene A. and Edwin S. Miller.

Photos: (2) Keystone; (3) Quakertown Free Press; (5) West; (8) Sherman; (11, 12, 13) Frederick Young Studios; (14) Kaizen-Keystone; (16-22 and 24-27) Heyn; (28) Townsend





proved the designation of the 301,000-acre area as a National Monument. It is to be known as Anasazi, Navajo for "The Ancient People."

**Proposed Resolutions.** To the list of proposed enactments and resolutions (presented in these pages in April) to be submitted to vote in the Convention at San Francisco in June have been added two proposed resolutions. They are:

No. 38-25: To provide for the appointment of a Committee which shall study the feasibility of creating voting areas for the election of Directors from the United States of America.

No. 38-26: To inaugurate a world-wide Rotary goodwill day.

**Badge.** Luncheon badges of the Rotary Club of Lodi, Calif., do double duty. Not only do they announce members' names and classifications, but also do they tally individual attendance records. An ingenious system of dates, small stars, and large stars tells at a glance at a man's lapel how many years of 100 percent attendance have been credited to him, in what year his record sustained breaks, the length of his membership, whether or not he has been President of the Lodi Club. The badge has

done its part, no doubt, in giving the Club 14 members with 100 percent records for over five years, eight of them being over ten years.



Photo: Keystone  
E. R. Johnstone

**Honors.** To the psychologist, the sociologist, and the educator—yes, even to the tyro in these fields—the name of PROFESSOR EDWARD R. JOHNSTONE is significantly familiar. He is preëminent in the field of abnormal psychology and is internationally famous as the director of The Training School at Vineland, N. J. In the Rotary Club of Vineland he is known as "Prof." He has been an honorary member for 17 years. A few weeks ago he completed 40 years of service to The Training School, which on that occasion paid him special tribute. The Rotary Club similarly honored him at that time. . . . Upon ROTARIAN JOHN WICKSTRÖM, of Vaasa-Vasa, Finland, has been conferred the title "Counsellor of Industry" in recognition of his part in the development of the motor industry in Finland. . . . The last three recipients of honorary memberships conferred by the Veterans of Foreign Wars of the United States of America (the organization has now discontinued such awards) went to a trio of Rotarians of Unionville, Mo.: J. G. MORGAN, President of the Rotary Club; V. T. ALTES; and CLARE MAGEE. . . . Upon SEYMOUR S. SIDNER, of the Rotary Club of Fremont, Nebr., an honorary doctor of laws degree was conferred recently by Midland College. . . . The Rotary Club of Raleigh, N. C., recently honored its founder, ROTARIAN GEORGE W. HARRIS, of Washington, D. C., at a Club luncheon. . . . ROTARIAN HARRY E. D. GOULD, of Quincy, Mass., long general manager of the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corporation's Fore River plant, and lately assistant to the vice-president, recently retired after 35 years of service. He was the first President of the Quincy Rotary Club.

**Auctorial Achievement.** To the lengthening list of Rotarian authors, whose new books publishers are now offering, must be added PARK W. HUNTINGTON, of Wilmington, Del., for his volume, *America Awake*. . . . FRANK P. FLETCHER, of Littleton, N. H., for his vaca-

tion book of northern New England, *My Out-of-Doors*. . . . FORMER ROTARIAN C. S. SEE, of Kuala Lumpur, Federated Malay States, for his travel story, *A Chinese Sees the World*. During his globe-circling junket, MR. SEE still held Rotary membership and visited scores of Clubs en route. He speaks of these happy encounters in his intimate, interesting book. . . . ERNEST L. VAN WAGNER, of Norwich, N. Y., for his book, *New York Detective*.

**Record.** A few months back when the Rotary Club of Paterson, N. J., celebrated its 25th anniversary, one of its members—EDWARD SCEERY, to name him—was able to say that his Rotary attendance record showed 25 consecutive years of 100 percent attendance and credit for 300 more meetings than the Paterson Club had held in its history. The truth is, ROTARIAN SCEERY didn't say it, modestly forbidding. Fellow members gave THE MAN WITH THE SCRATCHPAD the facts and the additional news that ROTARIAN SCEERY had visited Rotary Clubs in at least eight other countries, had once flown 1,700 miles in Alaska in order to attend a meeting and keep his record intact. Incidentally, he is the originator and past international president of the Florists Telegraph Delivery Association.

**New Clubs.** Hearty greetings to these new Clubs recently admitted to membership in Rotary International:

Garberville, Calif.; Kirkham, England; Raymond, Alta., Canada; Tupiza, Bolivia; Millau—St. Affrique, France; Chattahoochee, Fla.; Babahoyo, Ecuador; Lower Lake—Lakeshore, Calif.; Lenox, Iowa; Tarija, Bolivia; Trollhättan, Sweden; Decatur, Ga.; Nömmе, Estonia; Alessandria, Italy; Cañada de Gomez, Argentina; Lake Orion, Mich.; Damascus, Syria; Tumbes, Peru; Fairhope, Ala.; Mount Jackson, Va.; Berlin, N. J.; Jaeger, W. Va.; Leitchfield, Ky.; Morpeth, England; Lemoyne, Pa.; Carmi, Ill.; Manito, Ill.; Lucknow, India; Marshall, Ark.; Middleport, N. Y.; Markdale, Ont., Canada; Cherry Valley, N. Y.; Vicuña, Chile; San Pedro, Argentina; Venado Tuerto, Argentina; Butler, Ind.; Fanwood—Scotch Plains, N. J.; Cotter, Ark.; Evergreen, Ala.; Grafton, Ill.; Portola, Calif.; Benavides, Tex.; Schaffhausen, Switzerland; Jeannette, Pa.; Greenview, Ill.; Brundidge, Ala.; Baguio, Commonwealth of the Philippines; Mt. Vernon, Ky.; La Fayette, Ga.; Taft, Tex.; Dacca, India; Freer, Tex.; Mathis, Tex.; Warton, Ont., Canada; Carson City, Nev.; Alexandria, Minn.; St. Marys, Ohio; Reading, Mich.; Morris, N. Y.; Hughesville, Pa.; Benld, Ill.; Wilmington, Ill.; American Falls, Idaho; Bolivar, Mo.; General Alvear, Argentina; San Martin, Argentina; Gladwin, Mich.; Ravenna, Neb.; Canton, So. Dak.; Wetsumpka, Ala.; Millen, Ga.; Bliitar, Java, Netherlands Indies; Nueve de Julio, Argentina; Turkey Run, Ind.; La Porte, Tex.; Durham, Ont., Canada; Buga, Colombia; Parkersburg, Iowa; Bellevue, Ky.; Figueira da Foz, Portugal; Alexandretta, Sandjak of Alexandretta; Phillipsburg, N. J.; Odessa, Tex.; East Pasadena, Calif.; New Hampton, Iowa; Batavia, Ohio; Calhoun, Ga.; Dalton, Ohio; Seagraves, Tex.; St. Louis, Mich.; Phelps, N. Y.; Spirit Lake, Iowa; Maquoketa, Iowa; Mechanicsburg, Pa.; Roseville, Calif.; Southampton, Ont., Canada; Wethersfield, Conn.; Conway, Wales; Aabenraa, Denmark; New Waterford, N. S., Canada; Estherville, Iowa; Puerto Desecado, Argentina; San Julian, Argentina; Comodoro Rivadavia, Argentina; Ludlow, Ky.; Negombo, Ceylon; Britt, Iowa; Ed-

mond, Okla.; North Sydney, N. S., Canada; South Plainfield, N. J.; Myerstown, Pa.; South Gate—Walnut Park, Calif.; Farmville, Va.; Port Elgin, Ont., Canada; South Pasadena, Calif.; Alderson, W. Va.; Grinnell, Iowa; Horse Cave, Ky.; Jefferson, Ga.; Siauliai, Lithuania; Ayacucho, Peru; Sheffield, Pa.; Evans City, Pa.; Shamrock, Tex.; Grant, Nebr.; Poerworedjo, Java, Netherlands Indies; Shelburne, Ont., Canada; Sunflower, Miss.; Cajabamba, Peru; Cameron, Tex.; Youngsville, Pa.; Motala, Sweden.

**Districts—Created, Divided, Renumbered.** To facilitate District administration, Rotary's Board of Directors has authorized the division of a number of large Rotary Districts into two or three Districts, and has created several new Districts of previously nondistricted territory, during the closing Rotary year. The Board has also renumbered a group of Districts under a plan which assigns numbers 23 to 45, inclusive, to Latin American Districts; numbers 46 to 99, inclusive, to Districts in Europe, Asia, Australia, Africa, and other parts of the world; and numbers 100 to 200 to Districts in the United States of America, Canada, Newfoundland, and Bermuda. These changes, arranged according to the dates on which they became, or are to become, effective, are as follows:

On February 1, 1938, new District 38 (BOLIVIA) was created. On March 1, 1938, District 104 was divided to establish HAWAII as a separate District, Number 100; on the same date, District 197 became Districts 196 (northeastern MASSACHUSETTS), 197 (central MASSACHUSETTS), and 198 (southeastern MASSACHUSETTS and RHODE ISLAND).

On March 15, 1938, District 199 became Districts 199 (western MASSACHUSETTS and northern CONNECTICUT), and 200 (southern CONNECTICUT).

The Board has authorized that, effective July 1, 1938, District 63 shall become Districts 30 (northern ARGENTINA and PARAGUAY) and 31 (southern ARGENTINA and URUGUAY). District 72 (BRAZIL) shall become three Districts, 27, 28, and 29 (the territory of each to be fixed at a Conference of the 72nd District current as these pages go to press).

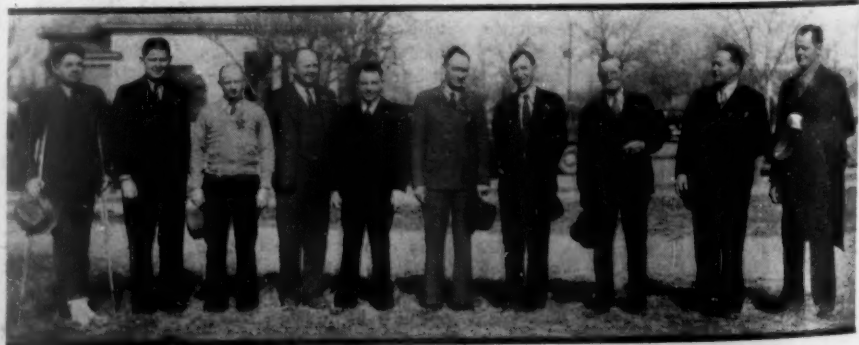
District 76 shall become Districts 56 (northeastern AUSTRALIA) and 76 (southeastern AUSTRALIA, south of the 30° parallel and north of the Murrumbidgee River). FINLAND, a previously nondistricted area, shall become District 69; Districts 68 and 88 shall be regrouped to establish COLOMBIA as a separate District, Number 40; to establish ECUADOR as a separate District, Number 39; and to place VENEZUELA and CURACAO in nondistricted territory.

District 96 shall be divided to establish THE PHILIPPINES as a separate District, Number 81. Changes in number only, affect the following Districts: District 3 (eastern half of MEXICO) to become District 23; District 4 (western half of MEXICO) to become District 24; District 74 (CENTRAL AMERICA) to become District 42; District 64 (northern CHILE) to become District 35; District 86 (central CHILE) to become District 34; District 87 (southern CHILE) to become District 33; District 102 (BRITISH COLUMBIA, WASHINGTON, OREGON, ALASKA, and IDAHO) to become District 101.

It is contemplated that District 71 (PERU) shall become two Districts, Numbers 36 and 37, and that District 89 (AFGHANISTAN, BURMA, CEYLON, and INDIA) shall become two Districts, Numbers 88 and 89, effective July 1, 1939. Rotary's present Board authorized the division of District 155 (INDIANA) into three Districts, effective May 10, 1938, providing three-fourths of the Clubs concerned did not protest. At press time the report was incomplete.

—THE MAN WITH THE SCRATCHPAD

*All nine Past Presidents and the current President—he came on crutches—were on hand when the Rotary Club of Floydada, Tex., observed its 10th birthday.*







From Burma, Ceylon, and India came Rotarians with their ladies to hold a Conference of District 89 in Baroda, India.

## Rotary Around the World

### The Netherlands

#### Provide Hague Scholarship

To the 78th District (Sweden) of Rotary International, the 59th District (The Netherlands) has presented a scholarship which will enable a student to participate during the current year in the courses at the Academy of International Law at The Hague.

### Switzerland

#### Sponsor Camp for Rotarian Youngsters

INTERLAKEN—So successful was the camp which the Rotary Club of Interlaken sponsored last Summer for sons and daughters of Rotarians that a similar camp is to be conducted this year from July 15 to September 15. It will be held at Grindelwald.

### Straits Settlements

#### 'Gym' Paraphernalia Provided

MALACCA—For the installation of gymnasium apparatus at a children's playground, the Rotary Club of Malacca has provided \$100.

### Japan

#### Poor Get 300 Yen

OSAKA—When the "penalty" box and the "smile" box maintained by the members of the Rotary Club of Osaka were opened last year-end, they found within them a total of 300 yen, which was distributed among the underfed children of the city.

### Australia

#### Boost City's Birthday

BALLARAT—Supporting wholeheartedly the city's recent commemoration of its 100th birthday were members of the Rotary Club of Ballarat. A feature of the celebration was the reenactment of the carrying of the mails by coach from Ballarat to Melbourne. Greeted by thousands of people along the way, the coach carried letters to the King and Queen of England, the Duke of Windsor, the Prime Minister of England, the editor of THE ROTARIAN.

#### Send Cable to Paul Harris

PERTH—When the Rotary Club of Perth was host to Rotarians of Fremantle at a celebration of Rotary's 33rd birthday, this congratulatory message was cabled to Paul P. Harris, Founder of Rotary: "We salute you, modern messiah of the world's goodwill gospel, on this great anniversary." Combined functions of the two Clubs are frequent, thereby developing fellow-

ship and providing opportunity for discussion of Rotary problems.

### The Philippines

#### Scouts Take Charge

MANILA—The idea of the meeting was to honor the Boy Scouts of the city and the civic-minded men who had boosted them. However, the tables were turned, the Scouts honoring the Rotary Club of Manila, which was responsible for initiating the Scout movement in the Philippines in 1922. Exhibition drills were given, lifesaving methods were explained, songs were sung.

### Norway

#### Collect Funds for Youth Hostel

SANDEFJORD—The Rotary Club of Sandefjord has collected 26,000 kroner for a youth hostel.

### Rumania

#### Organize for Handicapped Aid

CLUJ—A Committee is being organized in the Rotary Club of Cluj the purpose of which is to give aid to crippled children in a clinic to be established and to assist in their education.

### New Zealand

#### Provide £60 for Community Needs

GISBORNE—A believer in and doer of Community Service is the Rotary Club of Gisborne.

More than £60 was given to provide a holiday tree in a public hospital, a radio for an old people's home, a memorial to the late King, a "talkie" outfit, help for war sufferers, hampers for indigent families.

### Sweden

#### Make Gift to State Museum

ESKILSTUNA—The Rotary Club of Eskilstuna has received a message of appreciation from the State Museum for the Club's gift of an object dating back to the Stone Age.

### Canada

#### Ice Carnival Funds Go to Hospital

WESTMOUNT, QUE.—Annually in aid of the Montreal Children's Hospital does the Rotary Club of Westmount sponsor an ice carnival. The most recent was the eighth in the series.

#### Coöperate to Boost Goodwill

WINNIPEG, MAN.—Ten countries were represented by consuls or consular agents at the 14th annual international goodwill meeting of the Rotary Club of Winnipeg recently. Rotarians from 24 Clubs—13 American and 11 Canadian—were in attendance.

#### Warm Hearts Make Warm Feet

KINGSTON, ONT.—For years, the feet of underprivileged youngsters of Kingston have been kept warm and dry through the shoe and stock-

*As its President has each of these nine men served the Rotary Club of East London, Union of South Africa, since the Club was organized 12 years ago.*

Photo: Jeanes Studio



ing fund of the Rotary Club. As much as \$1,000 in one Winter has gone for the purpose. But the members do not limit their interest to but one project. Last year, for instance, \$600 was spent on a single crippled child.

### Decade of Life Celebrated

HAILEYBURY, ONT.—Ten years had passed since the founding of the Rotary Club of Haileybury. To a banquet in commemoration of the event came Rotarians from North Bay, for they had sponsored the Haileybury Club in 1928. District Governor Thomas J. Patton topped the speakers' list.

## United States of America

### Vary Channel to Service

BRONX, N. Y.—Bronx Rotarians believe in helping others. And rather than focus their efforts in just one direction, they use several channels. Thus, through their "Let's See Fund" in the last Rotary year they gave over \$300 for eyeglasses for youngsters who hadn't the means for their purchase. For long, a sizable fund has eased the way of many crippled children. A "Christmas Daddy Fund" provides annual "makin's" for heaps of enjoyment for underprivileged youngsters. Nearly \$500 went for the purpose last year.

### Pudding Is Proved

Do Rotarians do *worth-while* things? Ask that question of Richard E. Vernor, Governor of Rotary District 147, and he'll be certain to include the following examples of what Clubs in his District are doing, as he did in a recent address before the Rotary Club of Chicago: The Rotary Club of Evanston has supplied 50 boys with Y. M. C. A. memberships. . . . The Rotary Club of Rockford made it possible for 1,460 lads to attend a Summer camp. . . . A free dental clinic was arranged for in the high school by the North Chicago Rotary Club. . . . On its list the Rotary Club of Waukegan has 26 members active in Big Brother work. . . . A community hobby show is sponsored by the Rotary Club of Homewood.

### 'You Ask? We Answer!'

ROCKY MOUNT, N. C.—Do you do things in your Club? someone might ask Rotarians of Rocky Mount. And before him would be laid these enlightening facts: The Rotary Club Boys' Camp, with its \$750 cabin, rapidly nears completion. It is being constructed by the high-school industrial-arts class. Since December last, 250 half pints of milk have found their daily way to that many underprivileged school youngsters. A student loan fund of over \$400 has

*Speaker recently at the Rotary Club of Pittsburg, Calif., was International Director Angus S. Mitchell (right), of Melbourne, Australia. The camera caught him with H. J. Brunnier (center), Convention Host Club Committee Chairman; and E. C. Christen, Pittsburg Club President.*



Photo: Albert E. Davies

been established. Five highway signs have been erected. THE ROTARIAN is sent to three high schools, three hospitals, the library. REVISTA ROTARIA is sent to a school.

### Back Annual Fair for Youth

CHATEAUGAY, N. Y.—Annually does the Rotary Club of Chateaugay sponsor a 4-H Club Fair. Its most recent presented 250 entries. Four-Hers had 205 of them, there were 25 Future Farmers exhibits, and the high school's home-making department provided 20. Supporting the Rotarians in their plans were other business and school men of the community.

### Talk Up for Awards

PHOENIX, ARIZ.—They speak up, do the high-school students of Phoenix—at least those in cer-



*A loan from the Rotary Club of Aberdeen, So. Dak., helped this blind boy (second from right) to start a "stand" in the post office. With him (left to right): Club President W. S. Given, Vice-President H. Ashton, Secretary G. L. Kemper.*

tain fields of study. And well they may, for Rotarians of Phoenix have made it worth their while . . . with prizes. For eight years the Club has sponsored a public discussion contest among the school youths. Various classes pick their representatives for the final competition, with cash prizes awarded to the winners. The

most recent contest revolved around the theme of security.

### Good from Goodwill Related

PAWTUCKET, R. I.—The practical results of friendliness and goodwill between the Americas were detailed to members of the Rotary Club of Pawtucket recently when to address them came Dr. Ricardo J. Alfaro, former President of the Republic of Panama. To him was presented a picture of the Old Slater Mill, the birthplace of the cotton-manufacturing industry in the United States, and, in honor of the occasion, to the Club's already-large collection of flags of the nations was added that of the Republic of Panama, a Pawtucket Rotarian's gift.

### A Day Worth 15 Candles

WESTMINSTER, MD.—When the Rotary Club of Westminster celebrated its 15th birthday recently, it honored in particular 12 Past Presidents, who are still members of the Club. Also, charter members were introduced, received flowers, listened to humorous verses of poetry written in their honor.

### Boys Repaired and Re-paired

BARBERTON, OHIO—Boys, at times, need repairing. When the Rotary Club of Barberton, through its Boys Work Committee, found that more than half the boys on probation in the city were first-offense cases, "repair" work was started. Memberships in the Y.M.C.A. were purchased for each of the boys, and each lad was re-paired with a Rotarian, who will act as counselor and advisor.

### Data for Young Daytonians

DAYTON, OHIO—That students attending educational institutions in Dayton may become acquainted with the international scene, Rotary, and other lands, the Rotary Club of Dayton has made it possible for thousands of young people to enjoy REVISTA ROTARIA, the Spanish edition of THE ROTARIAN, by placing it in the city's school libraries.

### Young Citizens Honored

RICHMOND, VA.—"Government never can be stronger or more intelligent than the electors." Believing that, the Rotary Club of Richmond initiated a "New Citizens Meeting." To more than 100 Richmond boys and girls who had reached voting age in the current year and had properly qualified, Certificates of Citizenship were presented by the State's Governor at a

*On the green—at the annual Golf and Honeymoon Party of the Rotary Club of Los Angeles, Calif., held recently on Santa Catalina Island, an ocean-cooled spot where Convention-going Rotarians in June may wish to stop and try favorite golf sticks beneath the California sun.*





Since 1931 have Rotarians of Asbury Park, N. J., sponsored the Rotary Friday Nite Club, in which underprivileged boys enjoy Y. M. C. A. membership. Over 300 lads have been Friday Nite-ers, some of whom are shown here with their leaders and a number of Asbury Park Rotarians.

mass meeting. Speakers stressed the privileges and responsibilities inherent in the right of franchise. Joint sponsor with the Club was a local newspaper.

### They Turn Together

FALL RIVER, MASS.—Rotary activities mesh. That, a new member of the Fall River Rotary Club learns on induction into the organization. But to vivify the idea, a display has been constructed consisting of two large wheels, one of which exemplifies the principles of Rotary. As the neophyte is inducted, he inserts a movable section of the wheel, each section representing one of the principles. The second wheel represents the international organization. Electrically motivated, the turning meshed wheels indicate how Clubs' activities keep Rotary International in operation.

### See Stars at Noontime

FORT COLLINS, COLO.—Brilliant stars from the United States' athletic firmament made a recent meeting of the Rotary Club of Fort Collins one of its most memorable. It was a homecoming for three Fort Collins' boys: Glenn Morris, Olympic decathlon champion and a member of the Fort Collins Rotary Club; University of Colorado's Byron (Whizzer) White, outstanding football luminary of the 1937 season; Earl (Dutch) Clark, player-manager of the Detroit Lions professional football team. Also present was Yale's David Colwell, star fullback.

### 'Clickers' Have Clicking Good Time

MARLIN, TEX.—Camera "fans" had a field day recently when to the community's bluebonnet (Texas State flower) areas and Municipal Park they swarmed to compete in the city's two-day Bluebonnet Photo Fiesta. The camera hobbyists were eying with interest the many available prizes, including the \$10 award offered by the Rotary Club of Marlin for the best picture made in Municipal Park.

### It Was All in Fun

ORANGE, CALIF.—Into the dining-room trooped the members of the Rotary Club of Orange on April 1, little expecting the sight which greeted them: their ladies, who were attired in cotton dresses, large name disks dangling from their necks. Amusing impersonations rocked the room. Threats of exposure of "scandalous correspondence" made the "fine box" a jingling victim of contributions from members who laughingly bought their "freedom."

### Rotary Knowledge Jogged and Jotted

ALBUQUERQUE, N. MEX.—"Who founded Rotary? What is Rotary's motto? What is the official magazine of Rotary International?" These are but samples of questions which appeared on the questionnaire on which members of the Rotary Club of Albuquerque indicated

their knowledge of Rotary at a recent meeting. Grades were weighted to compensate for longer service. The "quiz" was prepared by the Chairman of the Aims and Objects Committee.

### Complete a Picture

POULTNEY, VT.—The youth hostel was a popular place. That was apparent. But Rotarians were aware something else was needed. So they



These girls were winners in a contest sponsored by the Rotary Club of Chariton, Iowa, to determine the best essay written on THE ROTARIAN'S merits. High-school students of Chariton and near-by towns competed.

erected a stone fireplace which provides ample room for the preparation of large quantities of food. The hostel guests' enjoyment has been "upped" in proportion.

### Decade of Esteem Spans Ocean

WINONA, MINN.—A decade of close and cordial relations—that is the record of the Rotary

Club of Winona and the Rotary Club of St. Pancras, London, England, despite the miles of land and water between them. Of a "Winona Day Meeting" at the St. Pancras Club a phonograph recording was made, sent to Winona, "played" at a recent meeting. As a token of the esteem in which Winona Rotarians hold their St. Pancras friends, they sent them a book.

### Give Spur to Friendship

GARY, IND.—Rural-urban acquaintance and understanding gained further momentum in Gary recently when to a banquet given by the Rotary Club came 40 farmers from the city's vicinity. The theme was struck by the principal speaker: "In the development of our nation, steel and agriculture have marched hand in hand." . . . An earlier meeting of keen interest to members was that in which Tun Nyoe, Vice-President of the Rotary Club of Rangoon, Burma, spoke.

### Rotary Fellowship on Cruise

Seven—for many a day considered a lucky number—once more proved a winner on a recent cruise of the *Santa Rosa*. After leaving the harbor, each of seven passengers found there were six other Rotarians besides himself on board ship—Pittsburgh, Pa.; Charleston, W. Va.; Worcester, Mass.; Williamstown, Mass.; Syracuse, N. Y.; Concord, N. H.; New York City, were represented. After their discovery the seven Rotarians met regularly once a week to enjoy one another's fellowship.

### Old-Timers Present Program

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.—Though 22 years have elapsed since the Rotary Club of Colorado Springs was chartered, 12 members who were at the opening meeting are still active. In charge of a recent meeting, they proved to their present fellow members that they had lost none of their capabilities in presenting a program.

### A Mortgage Toasted

ERIE, PA.—There was still a mortgage debt of \$7,500 on the Erie Boys' Club. That is, there was until recently, when a Committee from the

Experts all, these high-school wrestlers who exhibited recently before the Rotary Club of Clearfield, Pa. Topping the season's honors was their winning of the State championship in all divisions.





Rotary Club raised that many dollars, paid the mortgagor, burned the paper at a Club luncheon. Public-spirited citizens spliced their efforts with Rotarians; now the Boys' Club stands free of financial obligation.

### Reminds Rotarians of Loyalties

LA MESA, CALIF.—"Rotary teaches us to be true to our own nation, state, and community," Governor Raymond H. Green, of District 108, reminded members of the La Mesa Rotary Club when he visited it recently. He congratulated the Club on its varied program of service to the community, which includes sponsorship of a Boy Scout troop, aid to crippled children, the purchase of uniforms for a boys' baseball team.

### 'Please Meet 195,000 Men!'

OLATHE, COLO.—The spacious new high-school auditorium was needed recently at the charter-night presentation of the Olathe Rotary Club. Rotarians from six near-by Clubs were

present to assist in the program and to hear Rotary called a letter of introduction to more than 195,000 business and professional men in all parts of the world.

### St. Cloud Is Bowling Winner

The bowling team of the Rotary Club of St. Cloud, Minn., won this year's Rotary International Telegraphic Bowling Tournament sponsored by the Rotary Club of Kansas City, Mo. Its score: 3,089. In this order finished the runners-up: Fremont, Ohio (2,999); Sioux City, Iowa (2,932); Sheboygan, Wis. (2,928); Brooklyn, N. Y. (2,900). Alfred M. Robinson, of the Rotary Club of Detroit, Mich., bowled 696 for High-30 and 277 for High-10. However, inasmuch as the rules specified the awarding of but one prize to one man, High-10 honors went to Homer H. Ellis, of the Rotary Club of Shelbyville, Ind., with a score of 276. Of the 55 teams entered in the meet, Sioux City's was the most evenly balanced, every member roll-

ing between 572 and 599. Making proper allowance for the difference in time across the continent, all entrants were in action on the alleys of their home cities at the same hour. . . . The bowling team of the Rotary Club of Erie, Pa., was the only Rotary team among the 4,900 squads entered in the American Bowling Congress held in Chicago recently.

### Convention-Goers—Attention!

Jointly have the Rotary Clubs of Portola, Quincy, Oroville, and Marysville—all located in California's picturesque Feather River Valley—issued an invitation to Convention-going Rotarians to attend the special programs which the Clubs will present at their meetings during the period before and after the great reunion at San Francisco, June 19-24.

### 'Come Round to the Roundup'

DUNKIRK, N. Y.—Annually do members of the Rotary Club of Dunkirk invite all Rotarians to join with them in packing troubles in an old kit bag and forgetting them during the two-day "roundup" which the Dunkirk Club sponsors. Fun and fellowship, discussions, ample food, sports events—these will headline this year's affair, which will be held at the Dunkirk Conference Grounds on Lake Erie, June 18 and 19.

### Get Music from a Deck

ASTORIA, OREG.—They enjoy music in Astoria, and to make certain the supply will remain constant in the years ahead, the members of the Rotary Club support the city's Junior Symphony Orchestra—and do it in a novel way. A deck of cards contains the names of Club members. Each week a card is withdrawn and the member whose name is selected contributes a dollar, which goes to the orchestra for purchase of music.

### Troubles Get Detour Sign

HELENA, ARK.—Problems of all varieties were definitely shelved for a few hours for some 150 men when the Rotary Club of Helena entertained members of the Farm Bureau of Phillips County. High points in the program were addresses by a packinghouse executive and the president of the Arkansas Farm Bureau.

### Collegians Take Over

WALNUT CREEK, CALIF.—Have you a college in your neighborhood? Well, the Rotary Club of Walnut Creek has, and of that it is glad and appreciative. For recently to a Club meeting came a group of students from St. Mary's College, presented a program of singing, piano music, talks on education, a cartoonist's chalk-talk.

### Goodwill Goes A-Trekking

MIDDLEPORT, N. Y.—International understanding and goodwill marched across a border with members of four Rotary Clubs in Canada as they joined with nearly a dozen American Clubs in the charter-presentation ceremonies of the Rotary Club of Middleport. Among tokens of goodwill received by the new Club were a Canadian flag and an American flag.

### Show Appreciation—Plus

GLEN BURNIE, MD.—Every speaker likes applause. Members of the Rotary Club of Glen Burnie know that. But they think that is not enough. So to the Club's guest speakers they present a subscription to THE ROTARIAN as an extra token of their appreciation.



## Rotarian Almanack 1938

*Of all noises, I think music the least disagreeable.*

—Johnson

**JUNE**  
—the 6th month, has 30 days, derives its name from the goddess Juno.



Back in the Spring of 1916, the Rotary Club of Oakland, Calif., planted 1,200 shade trees along the then new Lincoln Highway which spans North America. Convention-goers who take that route to San Francisco may appraise the results of that piece of altruism.

—YR MAN WITH  
YR SCRATCHPAD.

- 1924, *Il Rotary*, monthly publication of the Rotary Clubs of Italy, makes its initial appearance.
- 1916, Rotary's President, Arch C. Klumph, inaugurates the attendance-contest idea.
- 4—1927, Bolivia enters Rotary with the organization of the La Paz Club.
- 6—1938, Rotary's current Board of Directors convenes at Del Monte, Calif.
- 13—1938, First session of the annual International Assembly opens, at Del Monte, Calif.
- 13—1921, The Edinburgh Convention passed a resolution adding the Sixth Object (now the Fourth Object), International Service, to the Objects of Rotary.
- 19—1938, Rotary's 29th annual Convention opens in San Francisco, Calif.
- 22—1928, Rotary's Boys Work Committee is established in the Minneapolis Convention.
- 24—1938, Interim meeting of Rotary's present Board is convened in San Francisco.
- 30—1935, Frank H. Lamb, member of the Aberdeen, Wash., Club, completes Rotary, *A Business Man's Interpretation*, and signs his preface.

**Total Rotary Clubs in the world (May 9, 1938), 4,660; and the total number of Rotarians (estimated), 197,000.**



## The Hobbyhorse Hitching Post

**I**F, when picnicking, you've fed cake crumbs to the ants to inspire action in their hill, you're something of an entomologist. Insect study is a science, of course, but for many it is a hobby. WILLY LEY, a German scientist, gives the reader an orchestra seat at an exciting drama he calls FIRE IN THE ANTHILL.

• • •

The life of insects is still a sealed book to us. We really do not know much about it. Occasionally we catch a glimpse of what is going on in the communities of bees, ants, wasps, and termites, but even then we are not sure that we understand what we have seen.

More than a century ago, for example, an entomologist studying the life of European bumblebees discovered that an especially big bumblebee worker aroused itself earlier in the morning than the rest of the community. He saw and heard it start whirring its wings, but it did not fly away. It merely beat with its wings noisily until all other bumblebees had awakened.

The scientist, who, by chance, was familiar with military life, concluded that this bumblebee's object was to wake up the community and termed it the "bumblebee trumpeter."

Today, we explain it in a different way. We believe that the bumblebee trumpeter is not a trumpeter at all, but that its wing-beating is done merely for the ventilation of the nest. We have found that only the bumblebees that build their nests in the earth have trumpeters. Those with nests in trees need no artificial ventilation.

This example shows clearly how good observations may be misinterpreted. One of my professors at the University of Berlin used to say that even a witness proves nothing. But if ten people witness the same event ten times—then it is time for a conclusion.

But though it was observed only once, the following experiment, which was made in Austria by an amateur scientist, Herr Friedrich Gedde, is of great interest.

One of the disputed questions concerning the life of ants is whether or not they attack fire. Herr Gedde tried to find proof to support either viewpoint, and chose an anthill in the Austrian Alps for his experiment. A candle about six inches long and three-quarters of an inch in diameter was stuck into the anthill so that only about 1½ inches of it could be seen. The anthill belonged to the common red ant (*Formica rufa*) and at once ant workers appeared to investigate the object.

When the candle was lighted, giving a flame about 1½ inches high, all ants in the neighborhood approached and looked at it. Some of them even jumped into the flame. Soon about six dead ants were on the rim of the candle. The whole community was apparently excited by now, but not for long. Soon the excitement ceased and especially large ants—usually three or four together—approached the candle carefully and climbed to the rim. There they reared their heads into the air, standing only on their

Ants are fire fighters, jetting a fluid capable of extinguishing a candle flame, a test shows.



four hind legs, and jetted from their bodies a liquid not against the flame in general, but exactly against the wick. They stood three or four seconds in this position, long enough so that the heat scorched their legs and antennae. They dropped back burned, though probably not fatally.

In the meantime, other ants—about 200—built a ramp between the candle and the wall of the hill so that the others could take their position farther away from the flame. A few of the dry pine needles they used for this ramp caught fire too, but the ants extinguished them at once.

The continuous attack weakened the flame visibly, and after 4½ minutes the candle went out. The ants tried to rescue their wounded and dead on the candle, but failed to pull them out of the hardening stearine quickly enough. Then they approached the wick carefully and soaked it in the liquid from their glands. This done, they began to repair their hill and tried to bury the candle entirely.

After about 30 minutes Herr Gedde lighted the candle again, but not easily. The liquid the ants had used proved to be effective. And after the candle had caught fire, the ants extinguished it again. They needed only 30 seconds this time.

This experiment shows that ants do fight a fire. But it would be preposterous to conclude that they actually have a fire department. The acid is their natural and general weapon for defense and offense when their enemy is still too far away to be caught with the mandibles. Consequently, they use it also against fire, which they instinctively recognize as an enemy. That it proves to be more effective than water is only a coincidence.

It is very probable that those ants that jumped into the flame at the beginning of the fight tried to use their mandibles and to bite it. Afterward the other method of offense was tried. It is certain that ants can successfully fight small fires in or near their hills and it is probable that many potential forest fires have been extinguished by ants at their very beginning. It is not due to a special organization in the ant community, but merely to the fact that their instincts force them to attack at once every possible enemy, completely disregarding individual danger or even death.

—THE GROOM.



Enlarged sketch of red ant emitting abdominal liquid on fire.



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This system has been used by Rotary International at its International Assemblies for the past six years and will be used again at Del Monte, California, June 13 to 17.

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## Recession—and the Way Out

*Higher Wholesale Prices . . . Sir Charles Morgan-Webb*

[Continued from page 12]

not risen sufficiently to realize her three-fold objectives. She did not consider that there was any inflation, or even a remote danger of inflation, in permitting the upward movement of wholesale prices to continue. The Government of the United States thought otherwise; and adopted two deflationary measures—the sterilization of the incoming gold, and the raising of the reserve requirements of the commercial banks—to bring prices down.

The monetary authorities of the United States would probably have retained control of the situation, and the recession would have been of a minor character, if these had been the only deflationary influences operating. But they were supplemented, and greatly intensified, by a widespread unofficial propaganda for reducing the price of gold from \$35 to \$30 an ounce. Such a proposal would have meant an increase of 15 percent in the gold content of the dollar. It would have operated as a universal tariff of 15 percent against all American exports. It would have provided a bounty of 15 percent on all American imports.

Although this unofficial proposal never materialized, its deflative purpose was so closely in line with the official deflation policy of the Government that it gained a strong hold on public opinion. A very vague and half-hearted disclaimer by the Treasury tended to strengthen the opinion that it had been seriously contemplated, and was still within the bounds of possibility. It reminded manufacturers of the high gold content of the dollar in 1932, which destroyed the capital and construction industries of the country and drove American exports out of the international market. It did more than the official measures taken by the Government to destroy the confidence of private enterprise in the monetary policy being pursued. Foreseeing a curtailment of purchasing power and of the market in which their produce was being sold, they called a halt and commenced to reduce their inventories. The rising tide of prosperity turned and became the recession—dating from April, 1937.

The recession was primarily due to an incorrect diagnosis of the disease which attacked the United States in March and April, 1937. There was an outbreak of speculation, which was wrongly diagnosed as inflation, a disease of a widely different character. Speculation is a dis-

ease which usually accompanies a return to prosperity. Adventurous financiers endeavor to cash in on prosperity before it arrives. Such speculation is merely the surf which marks the rising tide of prosperity. To attempt to cure such speculation by deflationary measures is to destroy the prosperity which has given rise to the speculation.

The recession, which first attacked the United States, threatened to spread to Europe. The peoples of the countries of the Continent of Europe were thoroughly convinced that the United States intended to reduce the price of gold to \$30 an ounce. In that belief they dumped their hoards of gold on London. A disastrous recession in most of the European countries was averted by the timely action of the British Government in increasing its Exchange Fund by one billion dollars, and thereby absorbing the dumped gold at a price in the neighborhood of 140 shillings an ounce. Had the sterling price of gold been allowed to fall to a low level in the panic de-hoarding of May, June, and July, 1937, not only would the recession have extended to Europe; the recession in the United States would have been more severe.

**T**HIS analysis of the causes of the recession of 1937 has been given because it indicates a method of curing the recession; and, more important still, a method of preventing a recurrence of such disastrous interruptions to prosperity. The prices of raw materials, or primary commodities, are subject to much greater fluctuations than the prices of finished goods. If these fluctuations can be controlled, the principal cause of the depressions which periodically attack industry and commerce will be removed. The United States and Britain, being the two countries with the strongest international demand for raw materials can, if acting in coöperation, control the world wholesale price level. The monetary policy of both countries is to stabilize this price level; or, in other words, to stabilize the international purchasing power of their respective currencies, the dollar and the pound, for a generation. As long as they were moving forward together, on a rising price level, toward a position of price equilibrium, the world returned toward prosperity.

But as they neared their objective, their common purpose vanished. As stated in the quotation introducing this article,



Britain wished the rise in prices to continue. The United States desired that it should stop. Their coöperation was transformed into an intense price conflict, Britain attempting to drive the world wholesale price level upward, the United States dragging it downward with the massive weight of its potential demand for raw materials. Immediately these divergent policies developed, the recession started.

**T**HE measures to be taken for a return to prosperity appear to be too simple to be true. They are:

1. The United States should state the level on the world wholesale price index at which the purchasing power of the dollar should be stabilized.

2. Britain should state the level at which the purchasing power of the pound sterling should be stabilized.

3. These two price levels should be coördinated with each other by discussion, and by compromise, if necessary.

The first step toward the achievement of these objectives was taken by President Roosevelt, when, on the 18th of February last, he restored harmony between the American and British monetary policies by announcing: "In the present situation a moderate rise in the general price level is desirable."

This announcement has a striking resemblance to the first sentence of the Ottawa Monetary Report: "A rise throughout the world in the general level of wholesale prices is in the highest degree desirable," which has been the keynote of British monetary policy since August, 1932.

Harmony between the monetary policies of the two countries having been restored, it is of the highest importance that it should be maintained by a mutual agreement as to the extent to which the rise in the price level should be allowed to proceed, and the equilibrium level at which the purchasing power of the two currencies shall be stabilized for a generation.

President Roosevelt has again taken the lead by clearly defining the equilibrium level the United States is seeking to achieve in the following terms:

"Is the price objective still the 1926 level? Yes, and No. It is not a question of raising the level to a given year, but seeking a balance between different prices that will produce full employment."

"Today's 'loan dollar' is somewhat below the \$1 of 1926—somewhere between 90 and 100. Thus, the new price goal has been modified downward."

Britain has made no such definite



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statement. But Britain will probably desire an equilibrium level somewhat above the price level of 1926.

That is the degree of divergence between the two policies. Is the equilibrium price level, toward which both are progressing, to be "somewhat above" or "somewhat below" the price level of 1926? The events of 1937 have proved that neither country can obtain a stable level if it is in conflict with the other. Without a mutual agreement, it will be impossible for either to attain its objectives. In coöperation for a mutually agreed price level, the common objective can be attained without any difficulty.

No world economic conference is needed. No international monetary authority is necessary. The dollar and the pound are the two effective international currencies, with the franc as a dependent subsidiary. Fifty-five discordant nations, few of which have even an elementary knowledge of international currency, would create confusion in the solution of a most simple problem, the coördination of the pound and the dollar on one mutually agreed price level. These two currencies have already earned the confidence of the world as the most suitable media for financing international com-

merce. That confidence would be increased if conflict between them, of the nature of the price conflict of 1937, could be eliminated.

There would be no subordination of one currency to the other. Once the coördination of the world wholesale price level in terms of the dollar and the pound had been achieved, each country would apply its own monetary methods in keeping that price level stable for a generation in terms of its own currency.

Every nation in the world would gain from such a stabilization of the world wholesale price level. On such a stable international basis, each country could manage its own national monetary system in its own way, in accordance with its standard of living, its rate of industrial progress, and its need of commerce with other nations; or, alternatively, with the degree of self-sufficiency it desires.

The United States has a proud and a unique record in leading the world to a conquest over Nature that enables wealth to be produced beyond the dreams of the imagination. It now has an opportunity of joining with Britain in the equally important objective of enabling that wealth production to be distributed to the benefit of mankind.

## Recession—and the Way Out

*Some Prices and Wages Must Drop—Harold G. Moulton*

*[Continued from page 13]*

of wages, prices, and purchasing power. Attention has been concentrated upon increasing the flow of money income, first, by reducing the number of hours worked, thereby increasing the number employed; and, second, by raising the rates per hour. Little thought has been given to the increase in productive efficiency and of productive output which alone make higher real wages possible.

With these principles in mind, we may now turn to a study of the facts as to the relations between wages, prices, and productivity in the United States in recent years. During the Summer of 1933, wage rates were sharply increased as a result of the code agreements. Prices advanced quickly, but not quite proportionately. Then from early 1934 until the third quarter of 1936, wage rates continued to increase at moderate pace, while the prices of manufactured goods remained practically stable. During this period productive efficiency was materially increased—in fact, in rough proportion to the increase in wage rates.

The economic results of these trends were as follows: (1) the increase in pro-

ductive efficiency and the fuller utilization of plant capacity resulted in lower unit costs; (2) the increase in wage rates as compared to prices steadily expanded the purchasing power of employed industrial workers; (3) the expanding volume of sales led to increased profits—the reduction in unit costs more than offsetting the increase in wage rates.

The trends up to late 1936 were thus distinctly favorable. Production was steadily expanding and unemployment decreasing; purchasing power was being broadly disseminated among the masses; speculative business activity was not strongly in evidence; and the general balance between current production and current consumption appeared reasonably satisfactory.

With this background in mind, we may turn to the developments of 1937. Attention will be focused on the movements of wages, prices, profits, and the trend of production. First we note the very sharp advance in money wages. Hourly earnings in all manufacturing industries—as computed by the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics—in-

creased between the third quarter of 1936 and the second quarter of 1937 by approximately 16 percent. This was a considerably greater advance than had occurred during the preceding three years. Moreover, unlike the previous gradual increases in wages, the sharp advances of 1937 were wholly unrelated to efficiency.

In consequence, advances in prices became necessary if profits were to be maintained. The wholesale prices of manufactured products as a whole rose during the same period a little over 6 percent—considerably less than half as much as the advance in money wages. In some lines, of course, the price rise was much greater, notably in iron and steel, where the advance was about 12 percent. However, in this industry, wage costs increased by approximately 25 percent. Public statements with respect to these wage and price relationships have been highly misleading because, in indicating the increase in wages, they commonly take account of rates only, making no allowance for the shortening of working hours and the extra pay for overtime.

**T**HE rising costs and prices served for a time to stimulate business activity. The index of industrial production rose between the third quarter of 1936 and the second quarter of 1937 from 115 to 117. This situation was conducive to making advance purchases of merchandise before the costs should rise still higher; and thus there was an expansion of inventories.

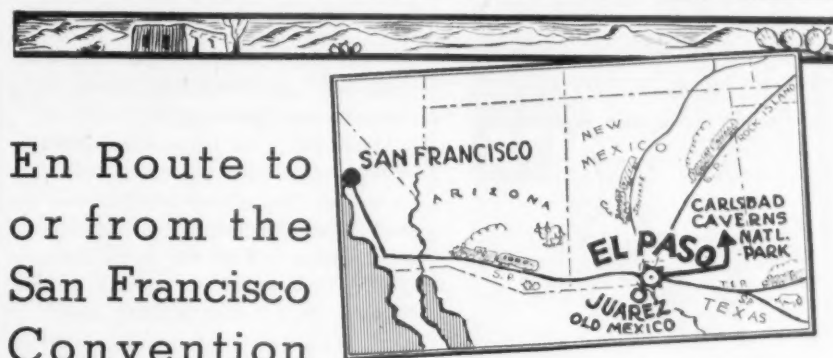
We may now consider the problem before us in the light of the two basic principles which have been enunciated. The rise in wage rates relatively to prices appears to be in accord with the first principle that has been laid down. But the second principle was not borne in mind; that is, there was no increase in efficiency. Thus the means with which to pay the higher wages had to be found in an advance in prices. Although prices in manufacturing industry rose less than half as much as wages, profits were not for the time reduced. On the contrary, the index of earnings of 120 industrial companies for the second quarter of 1937 was 5 percent above the excellent fourth quarter of 1936. The failure of profits to decline is explained in part by an increase in the volume of production and in part by the fact that wages constitute only one of the elements of cost. One must conclude from the facts given that, as far as manufacturing industry was concerned, the price advances were somewhat greater than were necessary to maintain existing profit margins.

But with railroads and public utilities the story was entirely different. The ris-

ing costs could not be passed on in the form of higher prices; hence profits were adversely affected almost immediately. Railroad earnings dropped nearly one-third in the second quarter of 1937, as compared with the last quarter of 1936, and the earnings of the public utility

companies dropped by about 14 percent.

What were the results of these trends? We find that owing to the decline in railroad earnings as a result of higher costs of materials and subsequent wage increases—justified by higher living costs—railroad purchases of supplies and ma-



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terials declined sharply in the Summer of 1937.

In a similar way, sharply rising costs and prices have pinched the housing industry and arrested the vitally needed expansion which was just beginning to get under way. Despite the great need for housing, rents had been rising but slowly; hence, with the advance in building-material prices and wages, the emerging profit was again reduced and building commitments again lagged.

Meanwhile, also, because of increasing evidences of new domestic maladjustments, not to mention crises abroad, the stock market turned, first pessimistic and then panicky. With the tragic losses of 1929 fresh in mind, the attitude became, "Let's get out before it is too late!" In turn, the decline in stocks warns of troubles ahead, and halts business commitments for the future. At the same time, stock-market losses necessitate the direct curtailment of luxury expenditures and in some degree they embarrass normal business operations. The accumulation of inventories while prices were rising obviates the need of quick replacements and the flow of orders declines.

The factors responsible for checking the expansion movement—checking it long before we had recovered from the destructive effects of the last depression—can thus be very definitely traced. The only element of surprise was the rapidity with which the succession of events brought the business reaction. Early in the year it seemed possible that the purchasing power of ultimate consumers might be so large as to offset the adverse effects of the disruptions occurring elsewhere and insure large activity for the remainder of the current year. It should be pointed out in this connection that during the first half of 1937, with wages up some 15 percent, the cost of living was less than 3 percent higher. Thus, for the time being, the purchasing power of labor was substantially increased while that of non-wage-earners was reduced only a little. Indeed, farm income was higher—thanks to favorable crops and good prices, as a result of crop failures elsewhere.

The current depression cannot, therefore, be ascribed to lack of purchasing power. Retail sales were much above the level of the preceding year and the demand was strong—so strong as to mislead producers as to the outlook ahead. Some observers have contended that the decline in government spending was responsible for the depression, but the evidence in no way supports this conclusion. While government disbursements declined somewhat, the reduction here was

much more than offset by increased disbursements by private enterprise. In fact, the increase of private employment, the sharp advance in wages, and the expansion of farm income had given us a big increase in national money income. In the first half of 1937, the flow of money income was at a rate more than 10 percent above that of the preceding year.

I would emphasize also that this depression was not caused by a failure of wages to keep pace with prices. In past periods of expansion, it has sometimes been true that the advance in prices has exceeded the advance in wages—thus pinching purchasing power. This time, however, the reverse was true—wages rose much more than prices. The result was a pinch of a very different sort—wiping out the margin of profit in some of our most important industries.

**T**HE lessons to be drawn from this experience may be very briefly summarized. The attempt to obtain higher money wages than are economically possible resulted in much lower earnings for labor and lower standards of living. While wage rates at the present time are appreciably above the levels of 1936, the weekly, monthly, and annual earnings of labor are now very much lower. Thus the goal of high real wages and national prosperity failed to be realized. On the contrary, national income has shrunk and all our problems—economic, social, and political—have become the more acute.

The present depression has been marked by the following features: (1) an unprecedented rate of decline in stock prices amounting to nearly 50 percent; (2) an exceptionally drastic curtailment of production schedules and corresponding reduction of employment (between August, 1937, and April, 1938, industrial production declined one-third and the weekly earnings of labor by about 20 percent); (3) a very slight reduction in wage rates; (4) a comparatively small decline in the prices of raw materials—about 20 percent, a modest decline in the wholesale prices of finished products—about 8 percent, and a negligible decline in retail prices—a scant 2 percent.

Thus, we have a situation in which the cost of living remains at pre-depression levels, whereas buying power has been very sharply reduced. Government spending takes up but part of the slack.

Let us, however, look more closely at the cost situation. Wage rates, in general, remain nearly at the peak of 1937 and much above the levels of 1935-36. Taxes are also extraordinarily high—a legacy of the years of unbalanced budgets. Raw-material costs alone have

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shown material recession. The manufacturing industry, which uses these raw materials, has thus had some readjustment of costs; but in view of existing wage and tax rates, manufacturing costs in the aggregate remain very high.

The cost situation in the railroad and building industries, where the opportunity for expansion is the greatest, is much more serious. In addition to very high wage and tax rates, the prices of the materials which these industries use are also exceptionally high. The prices of iron and steel remain nearly at the peak of 1937 and are over 10 percent higher than in 1936. Building-material prices have declined less than 8 percent and are well above the levels of 1936.

In short, in the fields where the advances in costs and prices in 1937 were most pronounced and the destructive effects the most severe, we have thus far had a minimum of readjustments. We cannot solve the railroad or the housing problems, or the unemployment associated with these industries, so long as the present level of costs remains.

To restore a sound basis on which to build a new advance, we must have a reversal of the trends primarily responsible for the maladjustments of 1937.

The reduction of wage rates at the present juncture, I want to emphasize, is the one means of expanding the *weekly earnings* of labor. We have to take our choice between high wage rates and prices accompanied by low aggregate wages and negligible profits, and lower wage rates and prices accompanied by expanding production and expanding annual wages and profits.

IN other periods of depression, I have not been one to urge any material reductions in wage rates. Ordinarily, periods of business expansion have shown much greater advances in prices than in wage rates; and in consequence relatively little readjustment of wages was necessary. But this time the situation was reversed—with wage rates advancing much more rapidly than prices. Hence this time substantial reductions in wage rates in numerous lines must accompany—and make possible—substantial reductions in prices. Anyone who contends that wage rates must be maintained at this time is no true friend of labor. Unwittingly he is urging a policy which will tend to perpetuate unemployment and low standards of living.

The truth is that wage rates, prices, and productivity got seriously out of balance in 1937. The balance must be restored if we are again to go forward on a sound basis and on a broad economic front.

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## Our Readers' Open Forum

[Continued from page 4]

Its firmness and beauty of tone (and expert knowledge of the question) recommended it to the reader.

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Again let me thank you for giving us the article from the pen of Frances Dickson.

ALLAN L. SMITH, *Rotarian*

Classification: Monuments Manufacturing  
Montreal, Quebec, Canada

### 'Menu' Not Faddy

It was with much pleasure that I read the article *That Menu for Lunch*, by Donald A. Laird [April ROTARIAN]. Too often at the present time articles appearing in various magazines and periodicals on the question of diet are more or less "faddy."

H. T. CORSON

Educational Division, Wheat Flour Institute  
Chicago, Illinois

### Favors a Youth-Exchange Bureau

I read with interest Secretary Chesley R. Perry's answer to the oft-asked question "Can't Rotary Do Something?" [February ROTARIAN]. I was interested, too, in learning what Rotary Clubs are doing in the way of creating a basis for real peace.

In addition to what is now being done, I think there should be a youth-exchange bureau established at the head office of Rotary International. Rotary Clubs all over the world could file names of boys and girls they recommended for at least a year's high-school education in another country which might be specified. In turn the Clubs could apply at the same office for students. Frequent reports in the various Rotary publications of the world would show the need for students or the need for homes. The only burden on the local Clubs would be getting some of their members to take the students for room, board, and schooling facilities. Some Clubs might even wish to defray more of the expenses. Difficulties in the administration of this plan naturally would arise, but through the coöperation of Rotary International and the various Clubs they could likely be overcome. . . .

I feel sure that a young person who spent a year in a different country would cultivate a much broader attitude toward international problems. He would learn from experience that beneath the skin, people the world over are alike. . . .

Thus through Rotary the seeds of interna-

tional goodwill would be sown in the minds of many youths living in many nations. Tomorrow, when these same youths become our leaders, we should reap our harvest—a more peaceful world!

A. WAYNE BURTON, *Rotarian*

Classification: Education—High Schools  
Millsboro, Delaware

### An Object in Action

I enjoyed *Our Visitor from Madras* [February ROTARIAN] and the pictures which helped to describe Rotarian Dr. Rama Rau's visit to Rotary's Secretariat in Chicago for it reminded me of my trip not long ago.

I stepped into the elevator at 35 East Wacker Drive and said, "Ninth floor, please." When I reached this floor, a very nice young lady greeted me, and when I told her what I desired, she asked me to register. She then asked me to have a chair and she would have someone show me around. In a very short time out came Rotarian Amos Ayres, of the Secretariat. The next person I met was Paul Harris, the Founder of Rotary. It was a real treat and honor to meet this fine man. Then we went to the office of the President and met Maurice Duperrey, our President from Paris, France; then to the office of that well-known man of Rotary, Secretary Chesley R. Perry. I also met some of the Directors, as they were meeting in Chicago. On and on we went, meeting the heads of the various departments and seeing Rotary in operation serving Clubs and Rotarians all over the world. To meet Rotary's Founder, President, and Secretary within the short time I spent at the Secretariat was something to write home about.

The thing which impressed me was this: At headquarters of Rotary International they certainly practice the First Object of Rotary—"the development of acquaintance as an opportunity for service."

THOMAS B. BARTLETT, *Rotarian*

Classification: Alumni Associations

Ada, Ohio

### Uses Debate for Debate

Our Club recently took some splendid material from THE ROTARIAN and made up a debate on *One-House Legislatures?* [George W. Norris vs. Arthur Meighen, January issue]. It proved to be one of the outstanding programs of this Rotary year. The Club members enjoyed it so much that they have requested a repetition of the same type of program.

HERMAN S. BENJAMIN  
Rotary Club President

Classification: Cast-Iron Pipe Distributing  
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### Mount Rainier

*A castle in the air, where magic dwells  
Forever on a mountain's snowy crest,  
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Rides its high arc and drops deep in  
the west.*

*Here sawtooth skylines rim the world  
around,*

*Forever clad in robes of virgin  
snow,  
While lilies, golden pale, break through  
the drifts  
To bloom before the North winds  
cease to blow!*

—CRISTEL HASTINGS



## Helps for the Club Program Makers

The following reading references are based on *Planning Club Meetings in Advance, 1937-38* (Form No. 251) issued from the Secretariat of Rotary International, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. The supplementary references may be obtained from your local public library or by writing to the individual State Library Commissions.

### THIRD WEEK (JUNE)—Accomplishments of the Boys Work Committee (Community Service).

#### From THE ROTARIAN—

- How to Get a Start in Life. Walter B. Pitkin. This issue, page 14.  
 Re-introducing—Dr. Pitkin. Editorial. This issue, page 33.  
 Thank Rotary! (a play). William Peery. Apr., 1938.  
 Better Boys at Bargain Prices. B. A. Schapper. Jan., 1938.  
 So We Are Calling It—"Boy Sponsorship." Winthrop R. Howard. June, 1937.  
 Help Him Get That Job! George T. Eager. June, 1937.

#### Other Magazines—

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#### From THE ROTARIAN—

- How to Get a Start in Life. Walter B. Pitkin. This issue, page 14.  
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### SINGING FOR ROTARIANS

#### From THE ROTARIAN—

- Sing, You Rotarians! Sigmund Spaeth. This issue, page 42.  
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#### From THE ROTARIAN—

- A Hungarian View of Rotary. Dr. Joseph Imre. This issue, page 7.  
 Where 30,000 Men Move As One. Bert Zenaty. This issue, page 44.  
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- Hungary and Her Successors. Carlile Aylmer Macartney. Oxford University Press. 1937. \$8.50. A comprehensive history of Central Europe since 1919.

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#### From THE ROTARIAN—

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 Commerce the Civilizer. Daniel C. Roper. Apr., 1938.  
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#### From THE ROTARIAN—

- Movies Move the World. Henry Albert Phillips. This issue, page 23.  
 Three Views on Movies and the Public: (1) Effects on the World's Children. Dr. Luciano de Feo. (2) A Candid Essay from an American. Arthur W. Bailey. (3) The Position of the Film Producer. Ned E. Depinet. Feb., 1936.  
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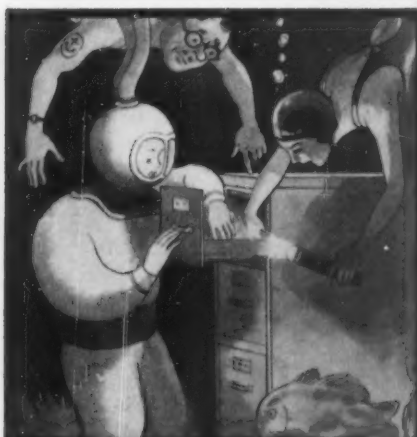
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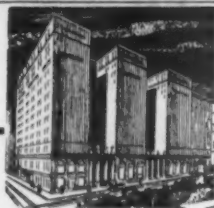
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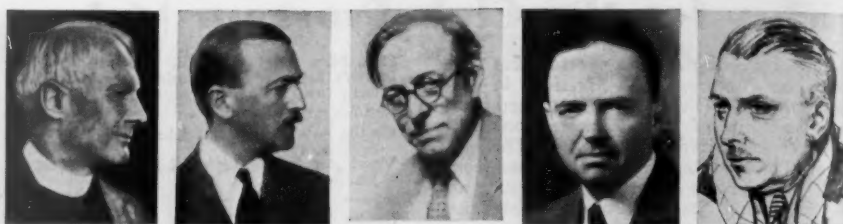


Photo: (1) Underwood & Underwood

Left to right: Contributors Dimnet, Imre, Pitkin, Clark, Phillips

## Chats on Contributors

THROUGH practical experience in jobs as diverse as cook, cinema executive, cattle boss, printer, peddler, and technical advisor on teaching methods, **Walter B. Pitkin** learned *How to Get a Start in Life*. Noted as a psychologist and professor of journalism at Columbia University for over a quarter of a century, he is author of a score of books, among them *Life Begins at Forty* and *Let's Get What We Want*. ROTARIAN readers will recall his *Careers for Youth*. . . . Opposite shores of the Atlantic are represented in this month's symposium: *Recession—and the Way Out*. **Sir Charles Morgan-Webb**, who holds *Higher Wholesale Prices Will Restore Prosperity*, rose through civil service in India to become chief secretary to the Government of Burma and, later, vice-chancellor of the University of Rangoon. Returning to England, he gained reputation as a journalist and monetary expert. As organizing secretary of the Monetary Committee of the British House of Commons, he acts as liaison between the Committee and businessmen. He is a member of the London, England, Rotary Club. . . . Though **Harold G. Moulton**, who says *Prices and Wages in Some Industries Must Drop*, is famed among economists for his scholarly works, his less technical articles, such as those which have appeared in THE ROTARIAN, and books such as *America's Capacity to Consume* are well known to laymen. For years he taught economics at the University of Chicago. He has been president of Brookings Institution since its founding in 1928.

Though he gives no blatant formulas for the attainment of happiness in ten easy lessons, the charm of **Abbé Ernest Dimnet's** philosophy has won him a legion of friends, who admire the typically French clarity and logic of his thought. A frequent contributor to French, English, and American publications, including THE ROTARIAN (see *Is Man Improving?*, December issue), and a recognized authority on English literature, his latest book is entitled *My New World*. In this issue he discusses *The Retreat Honorable*. . . . A European *Who's Who* will tell you that **Dr. Joseph Imre**, *A Hungarian View of Rotary*, is a famed eye surgeon in Budapest. Now a Director of Rotary International, he has held many important Rotary offices and is a member of the Rotary Club of Budapest. . . . **James G. Card**, *The Stage Is Set!*—in *San Francisco*, is Chairman of the Convention Committee of Rotary International. A member of the Rotary Club of Cleveland, Ohio, since 1912, his classification is: tax counselling.

Following his years as an assistant municipal health officer and as secretary to presidents of three colleges,

Left to right: Contributors Foote, Schnetzler, and Card

**S. S. Schnetzler**, who suggests that you *Burn Down the 'Little Gray Home'*, became a freelance author. In California he conducts classes in short-story writing and appreciation. . . . The world traveller **Henry Albert Phillips** returns to THE ROTARIAN, this time with the news that *Movies Move the World*. Formerly investigator of economic conditions in China, Japan, Korea, and Manchuria, and a feature writer for the New York *Sunday Herald-Tribune*, his articles



Sigmund Spaeth

appear regularly in leading magazines. . . . A previous contributor to THE ROTARIAN, **Neil M. Clark**, *America's Third Frontier*, has appeared in some 50 magazines since 1921. . . . Since 1915, when he was employed by the New York *Tribune's* Bureau of Investigation, **Frank Brock**, co-author with **Frederick Tisdale** of *Justice on the Job*, has investigated frauds and rackets. Through articles in THE ROTARIAN and a book *Run for Your Money*, he has passed on the information obtained. For his field of writing, Mr. Tisdale selects a wide variety of themes and has seen the result in leading American journals.

**Robert O. Foote**, *Knapsacking—Canada to Mexico*, is a reporter for the Pasadena (Calif.) *Star News*. . . . **Bert Zenaty**, mechanical engineer, journalist, and a member of the Rotary Club of Prague, Czechoslovakia, tells ROTARIAN readers *Where 30,000 Men Move As One*. . . . A businessman well known in Europe and America is **Mariano Font**, European manager of Dun & Bradstreet and a member of the Rotary Club of Paris, France. Trustee of the Rotary Fund to Aid the Rotarian Refugees from Spain, he tells of its operations in *Rotary and Spain*. . . . *Sing, You Rotarians!* urges **Sigmund Spaeth**, music editor of *McCall's*. Frequently a ROTARIAN contributor, he has done much to promote community singing, is familiar with all kinds of music. . . . The anonymity-preferring father who has written *I've Lost and Gained a Son* is a businessman of the United States' Southwest who has authored articles for national magazines. . . . Again, in *May I Suggest—*, **William Lyon Phelps**, a member of the Rotary Club of New Haven, Conn., tells the latest news of books and their authors.



